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THE PARNELLITE RELIEF BILL.

LAST Tuesday night the second reading of the measure which bears the cumbrous title of the Members of Parliament (Charge and Allegations) Bill, but which, we think, might be at once more concisely and more accurately described as above, was, to the childlike satisfaction of Lord ROSEBURY, agreed to without a division. This edifying unanimity was a proof, said that vivacious orator, that "we have no wish that anybody should be screened," or that "any turpitude connected with members of Parliament should be hidden away." While Lord ROSEBURY was on the subject of proofs, it is a pity that he did not go on to explain the evidential significance of sundry other features of the debate which are, to say the least, as conspicuous as the silence of the Opposition when the question was put from the Chair. When, for instance, Mr. GLADSTONE received the announcement of the names of the Commissioners with an immediate reflection on their impartiality, what was that a "proof" of? When he and others insisted that a body of charges which have been running glibly over their tongues in every form of specific definition for over a year are vague and uncertain, and require to be particularized and defined for the benefit of persons who, down till a fortnight ago, would have been prepared to formulate them at five minutes' notice for the investigation of a Parliamentary Committee, what is that a "proof" of? And what does Lord ROSEBURY regard as proved by the fact that, whereas the whole gravamen of the accusations against the Parnellite members of Parliament lies in their alleged dealings with other persons not being members of Parliament, it was vehemently demanded by the official Opposition in the late debate that the doings of these other persons, and by consequence their relations with the Parnellite members of Parliament, should be excluded from the inquiry? "We have no wish that anybody"—that is, any member of Parliament—"should be screened; only we feel it our duty to set up a screen in front of Mr. EGAN, Mr. FORD, Mr. BYRNE, and other people; and, if Mr. PARNELL or any other member of Parliament should happen to be colloquing with one of them behind it, that would be unfortunate, but still only a detail." Is that the interpretation to be placed on this particular demand of Lord ROSEBURY's colleagues in the House of Commons?—upon which Lord ROSEBURY himself did little more than ring the changes throughout the whole of a longish speech? We do not say that it is, or that it is not. But we do say that unfriendly critics of the Opposition will be apt to say that it is, and we should like to know if Lord ROSEBURY, who is in the way of instructing the public, has any other explanation to suggest.

It is something to know that he himself is satisfied with the attitude adopted by his party in the matter; for we are really inclined to doubt whether the public at large have taken so favourable a view of it. To begin with, they are not, we imagine, so profoundly impressed as Lord ROSEBURY by the fact that the Opposition refrained from dividing against the Bill. Not regarding either Mr. PARNELL or Mr. GLADSTONE as absolute bunglers in Parliamentary tactics, they never credited them in anticipation with such gross tactical ineptitude as would have been implied in taking a division on the second reading. They took it for granted from the first that such opposition as the Parnellites and Gladstonians intended to offer to the Bill would be only foreshadowed at the second reading stage, and would take the shape of amendments in Committee; and the debate on the earlier stage has only interested them as showing them what the number and character of these Amendments would be. Is anybody bold enough to say that the information thus far before us on this head is encouraging to the belief

that either Mr. PARNELL or his allies of the front Opposition Bench are anxious for a thorough and an impartial inquiry into the charges and allegations which they knew so much about a few weeks ago and know so little about now? Even apart from the captious speeches which were made and the threatened amendments which were announced on Monday and Tuesday last, Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary attempt to discredit the tribunal of inquiry is in itself a fact of the most sinister significance. It shows that the English Separatists are already taking their precautions against the possibility of an exposure of their Irish friends; and we shall probably hear later on that the Government has packed the jury of judges, so to speak, in order to secure the conviction and ruin of their political enemies. The very vagueness of Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to the construction of the Commission is eloquent of a preconceived scheme. And, though it produced a somewhat comic effect the next morning upon his sole supporter in the London press—which loyally and promptly took the hint, but, with the best wish in the world to throw mud, was obviously at a loss as to which of the three Judges to throw it at, or, indeed, as to what particular kind of mud to throw—we dare say that the slanderers of the Judges, in Parliament and outside, will soon come to some agreement as to the specific form of slander which is to be relied on. We may, however, pass over the speeches of the Opposition leaders as being, with the one deplorable exception of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's, exactly what might have been expected from them under the circumstances. It is sufficient to look at the amendments which have been set down by the faithful Sir JOHN SIMON to see in what sort of spirit the Gladstonians intended to approach the detailed consideration of the measure. This good knight—after half a century of familiarity with the rules of English law and the traditions of English justice—proposed, in the first place, to exclude one of the two parties to the dispute from representation by counsel, and to give it to the other party alone; and, next, invited the House to withhold from the unrepresented party the indemnity against ulterior proceedings which is to be granted, not only to his rival, but to every other witness summoned or volunteering to appear to give evidence in the case. After these two exquisite examples of Gladstonian fairness, it is almost an anticlimax to read that Sir JOHN is among those who wish to exclude "other persons" from the inquiry, and to confine it to the case of those members of Parliament who are alleged to have conspired with them, and whose cases are obviously inseparable from theirs.

It is not difficult to forecast the course of the discussion which is to begin on Monday next. There are a few amendments—one in particular suggested by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—which might, if the Government think the Bill open to misconstruction as it stands, be adopted harmlessly enough. Thus there is no desire anywhere to investigate the connexion of Mr. PARNELL and his friends with the crime of boycotting and other forms of intimidation, bad as these offences are. What is wanted is to ascertain their association with or dissociation from the murders, political and agrarian, the moonlight outrages, and the other crimes of violence by which the constitutional movement has been accompanied; and no one would object, we imagine, to a specific limitation of the inquiry to these matters by the terms of the Bill. Furthermore, as Mr. PARNELL and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL appear to apprehend that the Commissioners contemplate adopting waver of battle, ordeal by ploughshare, or some other primitive form of procedure, instead of that at present obtaining in English courts of justice, express words of enactment might be introduced for the relief of these anxious minds. But beyond this the Government cannot be expected, and indeed have

categorically declined, to go; and it is quite evident that to go no further than this is, from the point of view of the Gladstonians and Parnellites, not to go far enough. Some of their inadmissible amendments designed for the undue restriction of the inquiry will certainly be fought out; and the House will as certainly reject them. Upon this in all probability Mr. PARNELL and his friends will ostentatiously wash their hands of the whole business; and it will be for the Government to consider what course of action it will then behave them to pursue. In many quarters it has been too hastily and inconsiderately assumed that the prosecution of the Bill is contingent on the assent of the Parnellites to its main provisions, and that Ministers, having in the first instance offered, or appeared to offer, it for the acceptance of the incriminated parties, would not be disposed to persevere with it in the form of a proceeding *in invitum*. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been the first to protest in public against this assumption; and his observations upon it were among the most valuable portion of the excellent speech which he contributed to the second night's debate. For our own part, we are most decidedly of opinion that the Bill should in any case be proceeded with. It may not have been the wisest thing in the world to introduce it; it may not have been introduced in the wisest manner when it was made to look like a proposal *à prendre ou à laisser* to Mr. PARNELL, but the defects have now become immaterial. There has throughout been too much disposition to ignore the public interest in this question, and to treat it as a matter for domestic arrangement between the Government and between other members of Parliament. It would be carrying this to a quite intolerable length if Ministers were now to say that, because it suited certain of the parties to raise frivolous objections to the proposed inquiry, the public would have to make up their minds to do without it, and allow these very ugly-looking recesses of Irish Nationalist politics to remain unilluminated and unexplored. The Bill may have been introduced as a Parnellite Relief Bill. It may at its inception have been designed to offer the member for Cork an opportunity of extricating himself from a painful position without undergoing what anybody else in a like case has to undergo—the ordeal of trial by jury. But, if now it is to be repudiated in that aspect by Mr. PARNELL and his friends, the Government and the House of Commons must bear in mind the larger public character which belongs to it, and must proceed with it accordingly.

A UNIVERSITY FOR WALES.

THE question whether a University should be established in Wales is not extremely urgent. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, in a letter to the *Times*, furnishes some of the statistics of the case by enumerating the colleges and other educational institutions which are supposed to require a higher form of academic organization. By adding up the number of students at the three or four new colleges—at Lampeter, and at the Dissenting training colleges—he arrives at the conclusion that several hundreds of aspirants to degrees might be affiliated to the proposed University. To them Mr. MORRIS adds a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, students who now resort to Edinburgh and Glasgow. Most of them only intend to graduate in medicine, and they are not likely in Scotland to meet with competitors who understand their own native language. It would seem that they are not destined to practise at home; for, according to Mr. MORRIS, patients in Wales sometimes bleed to death, while a foreign practitioner is striving in vain to understand the nature of their injuries or ailments. It is difficult to understand how the establishment of a Welsh University would tend to remove this remarkable difficulty. By far the greater number of medical men in England take no academic degree, probably because other tests of their competence have been established by law. A University would not necessarily involve the creation of a medical school. The only two large towns in Wales are Swansea and Cardiff, and it is, at least for the present, impossible that either of them should, as schools of medicine, present the advantages which are offered by London and the great cities of England and Scotland. The great majority of Welsh medical students ought therefore to be deducted from Mr. LEWIS MORRIS's estimate of a thousand possible graduates. There still remain some hundreds of students, but only a limited number of them would require degrees.

St. David's College at Lampeter has already the power of granting degrees in arts. Divinity degrees, which the College is also authorized to give, may be omitted from the present discussion. If the privilege is thought invidious, the anomaly of giving a small provincial college the status of a University might be not unreasonably withdrawn. When Lampeter and Durham were promoted to University rank, academic symmetry was not so seriously regarded as in more recent times. If the abolition of Lampeter degrees appears to be harsh, the objection is common to both sides of the present controversy. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS would of course claim for his projected Welsh University the exclusive right of conferring degrees within the Principality. The Dissenting training schools or colleges are necessarily sectarian, and some of the studies which they not improperly cultivate have little connexion with a liberal education. A University graduate is not usually instructed in the art of preaching. The sons of the Welsh gentry would rarely frequent a provincial University. It is as easy to reach Oxford or Cambridge from any Welsh county as from the remotest parts of England. It may be added that North Wales is within an easy distance of Manchester, and that a Welsh institution would, at least for a considerable time, not be on an educational level with the Victoria University. The active intervention of both the ancient Universities in local education tends to diminish the necessity for new foundations. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS would perhaps admit that the benefits which he anticipates would not extend to the upper classes. He would probably be content with an approximation of the system which has long prevailed in Scotland.

Among the institutions which Mr. MORRIS proposes to supersede is the so-called University of London. He is justified in bestowing slight notice on an examining body which makes no pretensions to teach, and which only tests the attainments of candidates for degrees; yet it is not clear whether Mr. MORRIS assigns any higher function to the proposed fountain of academic honours in Wales. The hundred and fifty students of Cardiff are for the most part residents in the town, and they would neither leave it nor change their course of study if their college were by an Act of Parliament attached to a University. On due occasions they would perhaps submit themselves to examination for the purpose of adding, if they were successful, certain letters to their addresses. For almost all other Welsh students it would be more convenient to attend an examination in London than in Cardiff, or in any other town in Wales. Cross-country railway lines are, in the Principality as elsewhere, slow and vexatious, though all the considerable towns have direct communication with London. It may possibly be contended that learning should be brought to the doors of students; but if it is also necessary that they should be examined at home, the want could be supplied at the expense of a few railway tickets. The local examinations instituted by Oxford and Cambridge are conducted on this system. It is evidently cheaper to move the examining staff than to provide conveyance for considerable numbers of students. If the University of London thought fit to follow the example, it might be trusted to supply the wants of England and Wales. The existing colleges probably examine their students at stated times, and give them some certificate of success. Their only disability is the want of power to grant degrees, and, as has been said, this defect may be easily supplied by the University of London.

When all these measures are taken and extended to medical degrees, there will be no longer any risk of Welsh patients bleeding to death while English doctors are trying in vain to learn what is the matter. If Mr. LEWIS MORRIS is content to argue that a Welsh University will do no harm, it might not be easy to disprove the proposition. In all probability it would be inoperative, inasmuch as all its functions are already appropriated. The imaginary thousand of students would, as at present, frequent the colleges; or the University, if it set up lectures of its own, would merely compete with existing institutions. The principal objection to a multiplication of Universities is that it lowers the standard of instruction, and it also, though this is a comparatively trifling inconvenience, diminishes the value of a degree. If the proposed University of Wales were to confirm Mr. MORRIS's sanguine anticipations, it might perhaps justify its existence, at the cost of making the smallest of nationalities somewhat more provincial than at present. There is no reason to fear that it would retard the disappearance of the Welsh language, for any kind of liberal education which could deserve the name would necessarily

be conducted in English. Probably every student who has passed through Lampeter since its foundation seventy years ago brought with him or acquired a fluent command of English, and another University or teaching institution would produce the same result. Even the Welsh-speaking farmers who send their sons to the local colleges appreciate the business value of English, though they may naturally retain a sentimental predilection for their native tongue. The numerous Welsh candidates for employment who seek their fortunes in Liverpool and London may welcome the rare occasions at Eisteddfods for hearing and perhaps speaking the ancient language; but they would not be so successful as at present if they had to earn their livelihood in Welsh.

Mr. LEWIS MORRIS was reasonably disappointed at not being invited to speak at a meeting for the encouragement of Welsh education; but, as an advocate of a Welsh University in a letter to the *Times*, he probably employs the same arguments which he would have stated at greater length in a spoken discourse. Half a century ago Universities had acquired none of the popularity which they have since enjoyed in England. The same name is applied to two kinds of institutions which have otherwise little in common. The Scotch Universities diffuse among a large class a superficial knowledge which is not to be despised. Oxford and Cambridge have greater facilities for cultivating sound learning; but the chief advantage, and one which is shared by no rival, is the social atmosphere which they render possible. Almost every capable student who has passed through either of the two Universities would admit that he owed more to his friends and companions than to lectures or examinations. Scotch University students are not to be blamed for the absence of opportunities to form instructive friendships; but their want of leisure and of competent means is, in its consequences, a misfortune, though by no means a fault. A Welsh University would almost necessarily be constructed on the model of Glasgow or Edinburgh or Aberdeen; nor is it easy to understand how it could be distinguished from the colleges which are now in operation. Lampeter in some respects resembles an English University more nearly than its younger competitors. The remote village in which it stands contributes nothing to its numbers; and consequently, being distant from home, the students lead a more or less collegiate life. All of them would probably rather belong to a small college at Oxford or Cambridge but for the difference in expense.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

THE naval manœuvres have barely begun, and already they have proved something. It is that a class of five vessels in HER MAJESTY'S service seems likely to turn out to be entirely useless for the purpose for which it was designed. As the result of a short cruise in by no means severe weather, the torpedo-catcher *Sandfly* has been so damaged by straining that she needs repairs all over. If this could be accounted for by the bad quality of the work in the boat, it would be comparatively a small matter. But it appears that the misfortunes of the *Sandfly* were the inevitable consequence of the manner in which she has been built, and were caused by what were supposed to be her good qualities. She is very long, very narrow, with a slight draught of water. She carries very powerful engines, lies very low in the water, and has high bulwarks. On quite smooth water, with everything in her favour, she can make from eighteen to nineteen knots an hour, and is supposed to be able to steam 3,000 miles or more at an average speed of ten. As a matter of fact, whenever she gets among waves—that is to say, whenever the sea about her is in its normal condition of disturbed surface—she is immediately afflicted with the palsy. Her engines shake her from end to end, and, being exceedingly complicated and delicate, get out of order themselves. She rolls forty-five degrees on either side, fifteen degrees beyond the space allowed to her registering machine. The water washes about on her deck, and dashes almost on to the bridge. As the bulwarks are high, it cannot escape. The four-inch breechloading gun she carries forward cannot be worked because it stands in a species of tank, and the crew have to stand under a waterfall, and the tank, too, is dancing about like a cork. Officers and men are kept on the move like so many squirrels in a revolving cage. Some get blinded by incessant showers of salt in the eyes; others are hurled headlong and have

their ribs broken; nobody can sleep, sit, or eat; everybody is always very sick. After three days of it the vessel and the crew are equally fit for hospital. The *Sandfly*, be it observed, is not an exceptional vessel. There are four others built on the same lines, and presumably equally seaworthy. Then there are all the torpedo-boats, which behave in much the same fashion. Both alike—torpedo-boats and torpedo-catchers—have shown in these and previous manœuvres that, however pretty they may be in the Solent or just above Hammersmith Bridge, they are mere instruments of torture to their crews in rough water. The discovery ought to surprise nobody. Some such result as this was to be expected from the modern craze for putting very powerful and complicated engines into very small boats. Small vessels can indeed navigate the high seas with perfect safety. A Penzance fishing-boat would have gone with ease through the weather which nearly sunk the *Sandfly*. But then a Penzance fishing-boat is not very long, very narrow, and very low. It is buoyant, and goes over the water, and not into it, and does not roll its inside out. It is to be hoped that the proper lesson will be learnt from the story of the *Sandfly* and the torpedo-boats by those persons who think that the day of great ships is over, and that in future we shall have to use mosquito fleets. The reverse is the fact. The necessity for very high speed has made it more needful than ever that ships should be large. In this very cruise the relative value of little and big ships was very clearly shown. While the *Sandfly* was painfully making six knots an hour with the water washing about her deck and her crew prostrate, the *Amphion*, of 3,750 tons, a nominally slower vessel, overtook her with the utmost ease. In war the *Sandfly* could neither have fought nor escaped, and indeed, considering the state they were in, her officers and men would have been almost more than human if they had not welcomed the chance of escape from her into a habitable ship, even at the cost of finding themselves prisoners of war. The whole story only proves what we have constantly maintained, that what is wanted for war is a vessel capable of standing the rough usage of the sea, and not an elaborate toy in which mathematicians, draughtsmen, and engineers have laboriously tried to combine incompatible qualities.

The Report of the Select Committee on Army Estimates does not prove quite so much, or, indeed, anything quite so clearly, as these Parliamentary inquiries are apt to be straggling, and this one is no exception. It is not always very obvious what the Committee was driving at—possibly because, as a matter of fact, it was not driving at anything very definite, but simply asking questions on item after item of the Estimates, and seeing what it could find out about them. After weeks of inquiry, it has naturally acquired the knowledge necessary to enable it to ray out curious observations on military life. One of these, worth quoting for the light it throws on other than military matters, deals with the question of the education of the army. It is found that, in spite of Board Schools, "the standard of education among the rank and file of the army" is still low, many of the recruits having forgotten whatever little they had learned. Nothing astonishes us less than this observation of Lieutenant-General BRIDGEMAN, which is quite a useful little commentary on the elevating effects of universal schooling. Another and more professional piece of evidence deals with the cost of the administration of the War Office. On this point the Committee "have taken a considerable mass of evidence," and it all supports the familiar old proposition that our dingy establishments in Pall Mall and Whitehall cost a great deal of money. In these places there are eighty-six clerks getting among them 89,466*l.* The total cost for staff is 258,000*l.*, including salaries of subordinates, rent, and so forth. The German army is managed for 160,000*l.* Now no doubt salaries in Germany are low, and something must be allowed for the different rates of pay in the two countries; but still our staff does seem excessive, even if the individual salaries are not too high. The Committee does, indeed, seem to have arrived at the conclusion that our fault is rather in the excessive number of our clerks than in the amount of the salaries we pay them. It has no difficulty in accounting for their number—holding that it has been conclusively shown that "the maintenance of the present large staff at the War Office is necessitated by the system now adopted of examining accounts with great and needless detail and repetition." As an instance, we are told that "an inquiry as to the expenditure of 4*s.* 7*d.* bore eight or nine signatures upon it, and was not fully disposed of until six months after the payment was made." This instance of

the lynx-like vigilance of our Government offices over the public purse will be received with implicit confidence by all who know anything of them; and in this way do they spend time, work, pens, paper, ink, and wax (a great deal of wax is necessary) to the value of 4*l.* 7*s.* over trumpery matters of 4*s.* 7*d.* No wonder 258,000*l.* per annum are required to run the machine. Again, it is not surprising to be told that the Committee finds a great leakage of money going on in order "to facilitate a flow of promotion" unparalleled in other European armies. Officers are retired wholesale when they are hardly middle-aged, in order that young men may not be kept waiting. No doubt; but what did the Committee expect to learn? The thing is notorious, and the cause of it also. We abolished purchase and plunged into stupid imitation of all sorts of unfit foreign models. We bungled, as all imitators do, and now we must pay for our folly. It would have been cheaper, and quite as efficient, to stick to the system which had grown up among us and suited our habits very well. But the scientific soldier did not like it, and so it had to go. Experience seems to prove that, for us at least, scientific military administration is like scientific wine-making. It may look better than the old traditional methods, but it spoils the *cru*.

As the debate on the National Defences Bill goes on, it becomes clearer that here, also, we run some risk of spoiling a reasonably good thing we have, which has grown of itself, in the pursuit of some possibly better thing we have not got. It is well, no doubt, that the Government should have full control over the Volunteers, and yet in trying to get it they may find they have done more harm than good. To make the Volunteers liable to serve whenever the Militia may be called out is undoubtedly to alter their character altogether. The matter needs handling very carefully. No doubt the vague notion floating in the minds of many Volunteers that when they are called out it will be on a Friday, and that they will fight their victorious battle on Monday, and be disbanded in time to get home to tea on Wednesday, is an utterly mistaken one. If they are to be really useful, they must be available for a longer period than that; but is it wise to tell them so? The Volunteers may hear it cheerfully, but their employers do not. It might have been wiser to wait for the occasion to have embodied the Volunteers when the patriotic employer was in a good fright, and then to have secured the little bill required to keep what had been got. As it is, the real nature of their obligations and liabilities has been forced with painful suddenness on the attention of Volunteers and employers alike. Wednesday's debate in the House of Commons shows that a good deal of uneasiness has been created in consequence. Nobody, except Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, with his unparalleled scent for Tory wickedness, will suppose that there is a nefarious plot going on to drag the Volunteers into a war of ambition in order to make a younger son of some Tory peer's Prince of Bulgaria; but there is an uneasy feeling that Volunteering has become a far more serious business than it was, and that damps the ardour of some of its friends; whereas if they had never found it out till they were wanted—.

MR. CONYBEARE'S SUSPENSION.

TWO things were clear from the very moment of the remarkable debate of yesterday week in the House of Commons—a debate which has not lost its interest in the week which has elapsed. The less important of these, yet still an important one, concerns a little administrative or disciplinary detail. To refuse the Chiltern Hundreds in a particular case, though it has been recommended, would be invidious in itself, and sure to be misrepresented by the party of disorder. But a humble Address to HER MAJESTY, praying her to exercise her Royal discretion by refusing the Chiltern Hundreds and all similar appointments to members of Parliament suspended from their functions during the period of their suspension, is a measure clearly necessary to complete the present powers which the House possesses, and not open to any objection in itself. The Chiltern Hundreds are a convenient fiction used and to be used for legitimate purposes; but the acceptance of them for the sake of getting what is called white-washed by the constituencies, as Mr. BRADLAUGH suggested, is, in any case, an abuse, and may be, as in this case, a very mischievous abuse. In perhaps no case is the judgment

of the constituency of much value on such a point, and it almost invariably happens that, when an unmannerly adventurer has been elected in any, his very misdeeds commend him rather more than less to the constituency which has adopted him. In the present case it would be wrong to speak of the constituency which has had the singular taste to elect and re-elect Mr. CONYBEARE—a person recognized even by his own side as one of the silliest and most incompetent of politicians or of men—as an ignorant or an unintelligent constituency. It is simply an example, one among unfortunately not few, of a constituency where accident to some extent, the *laches* of those who ought to have exercised good influence to some more, and the adroit working of extra-political crazes most of all, have so distorted the temper of the majority that they are incapable of right judgment. Yet this has nothing to do with the general disciplinary point which we have been urging, and which would be equally applicable in the case of the City of London or the University of Oxford. That punishments when inflicted should not be capable of being evaded is the very first principle of all discipline in every state of life.

Very much more important is the second thing, which has appeared from the debate on Mr. CONYBEARE's disorderly conduct and the subsequent discussion on it in and out of the House. Of that conduct itself we conceive ourselves discharged from saying much, inasmuch as no man whose political character is worth a rush has even attempted to defend it. Of the extraordinary impudence or the inconceivable folly which evens Mr. CONYBEARE's attack on the SPEAKER in the discharge of his duties to the charges made by the *Times* against Mr. PARNELL, not as a member of Parliament at all, and which demands similar procedure in both cases, it is also needless to speak at length. Mr. CONYBEARE's charge against the SPEAKER was false in fact, grossly improper in form, and urged in a manner and with circumstances that would have been indefensible if the fact had been undoubted and the form correct. The minor point of his enunciation of his sentiments on withdrawal, though sufficiently amusing in its *naïf* unconsciousness of disgrace, was an insult to the House formally less, but really greater, than any silly and vulgar language about the SPEAKER. And Mr. CONYBEARE's conduct when his offence was brought home to him was perfectly consistent in its silly vulgarity with the temper which had prompted the transgression. All this is undisputed by any one disputant worth listening to. But the conduct of the Gladstonian party during the debate and since seems to us, with some exceptions, to be if anything worse than Mr. CONYBEARE's own. We are not generally supposed to be lenient judges of Mr. GLADSTONE, but we are glad (especially during the present week) to say that, all things considered, no great fault can reasonably be found with his behaviour in this case. He lost the opportunity of displaying perfect frankness; but frankness has never been Mr. GLADSTONE's characteristic, and it is a party leader's right if he pleases to keep his hand closed. It is also his right, and perhaps in a manner his duty, to make what decent fight he can to protect a malefactor on his own side. If you employ BONTHRON, you must do your best to get BONTHRON off. Therefore, we are unable to find any great fault with Mr. GLADSTONE, though the way that he took may not seem to us the most excellent way. Next in propriety, as indeed in speech, to Mr. GLADSTONE, we should put Mr. BIGGAR, who enounced what we think mischievous doctrine in a moderate and straightforward way. Mr. LABOUCHERE, in the discharge of the duty of getting off BONTHRON, also got himself out of a difficult matter well enough at first. But even these honourable gentlemen, and others like Mr. HUNTER, drifted as the debate and the divisions went on into an evident attempt, not only to shield and bring off their guilty comrade if possible, but to defend and excuse his guilt. And the worst leaders of this movement were no less persons than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and, to the astonishment, we should imagine, of any man who knows him, whatever signs of degeneration may have recently appeared, Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Sir WILLIAM is, of course, the least surprising delinquent of the three, and his delinquency, as it happens, was also the least. Something may be forgiven to Lieutenant GAHAGAN gallantly endeavouring to cut out even the blackest of the Ahmednuggur Irregulars; and when Sir WILLIAM, late in the debate, first tried to give a fresh rub with the O'DONNELL red herring, then discoursed on "grammatical absurdities," and finally headed the walk out of the House, he did what in a party less demoralized than

the Gladstonian party would have been strange enough, but what was less strange in fact. But Mr. MORLEY and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN did what not even Mr. LABOUCHERE or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did. They practically defended Mr. CONYBEARE. Sir GEORGE, condemning the manner of the letter, approved the fact of it, as if there could be a grosser crime in a member of Parliament than the bringing such a question in any manner before the irresponsible tribunal of a trumpery newspaper, and not before the proper and only Court. But Mr. MORLEY went much further, and informed the House that in his opinion the application of the Closure was "a very gross abuse of its rules." We certainly never thought to live to see Mr. MORLEY bracketing himself with Mr. CONYBEARE. But, except in point of folly and ill manners, he here did so; and he solemnly repeated his endorsement at Morpeth next day. If there was a gross abuse of the rules, the SPEAKER, who, though only an instrument, was an instrument, in the proceeding, must have been guilty of that gross abuse; and so Mr. MORLEY admits the substance of Mr. CONYBEARE's libel, though not, of course, its verbiage, its bad language, or its ethical eccentricities. Such an illustration of the effects of touching pitch we do not remember to have witnessed in a considerable study of politics. Had the Gladstonian party been content to let their leader and Mr. LABOUCHERE speak as they did; to add, perhaps, a little plea for mitigation of punishment; to take an honest division, and abide by the consequences, very little fault could have been found with them, though we might still have preferred what a few years ago would have been their certain course—a prompt confession that the culprit was indefensible and a unanimous vindication of the SPEAKER's authority. But their successive wriggings, the language of Mr. MORLEY and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and the series of manoeuvres by which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT led up to the march which he led out, made the exhibition, if possible, more discreditable than an open espousing of Mr. CONYBEARE's cause. These egregious jurymen practically said "Guilty; but he was quite right, and we don't mind if he does it again."

The secret of this, as it would have seemed but a little time ago, inconceivable behaviour is to be found in a remark which was made in the debate itself, and something similar to which we have already noticed in debates and platform speeches this Session. Mr. HUNTER, while speaking of Mr. CONYBEARE in a manner not at all likely to conciliate that person, reminded the House that "people out of doors did not pay so much attention as hon. members did to the niceties of language." We should say that it was tolerably impossible to pay less attention to the niceties of language than at least some honourable members do. But this was, no doubt, not what Mr. HUNTER meant; indeed, he perhaps hardly knew himself what the real meaning of his words was. It was, we fear, something as follows:—People outside—the masses, the new voters, and so on—are to be caught by vulgar and violent language; they like it; and they shall have it. Unfortunately, though we hope and believe that this base opinion of the electors of Great Britain is but partially true, there is no doubt that it is true to a certain extent; and it is upon its truth that the increasing number of persons like Mr. CONYBEARE trade. Now we can hardly conceive any rational person denying that this is an evil of the very first magnitude. But it has not gone so far but that, by a vigorous application of the obvious cure, it may be arrested. As soon as men even of Mr. CONYBEARE's intellectual calibre perceive that the sweet voices of the multitude outside the House are to be caught in this way only at the cost of practical obliteration inside it, they will pretty certainly mend their manners, especially if the side-door of return by the Chiltern Hundreds is stopped in the way we have suggested.

THE AUTHORS DINNER.

THE dinner given by the Incorporated Society of Authors in honour of American women and men of letters now in London indicates a pleasing stage in the progress both of the literary profession and of the relations between the two countries. As Mr. LOWELL justly observed, the scene at the Criterion was an outward and visible sign that literary people can not only dine themselves, but invite other people to dinner. In this respect they have progressed even since THACKERAY's days; for whereas he noted that "literary gents" could only invite their friends on a

Saturday, this feast was given on a Wednesday. As for the relations between the two countries, they must be highly satisfactory; for the speakers from both sides of the Atlantic took part in a veritable assault of compliments. They said the most pleasing things of one another, and made their politeness all the more remarkable by carefully reminding each other that at a comparatively recent period Englishmen and Americans were mutually very rude. How civil they all were to one another only hosts and guests can know; for the newspapers seem to have entered into a conspiracy against all the speakers except Mr. LOWELL. No doubt, however, what the other speakers (there were some eight or ten of them) had to say was equally agreeable. There is now only one step which Englishmen and Americans can take to put their relations to one another on a thoroughly satisfactory footing. When they have agreed to take their friendship for granted, nothing more will remain to be done. At present both sides do protest, if not too much, at least sufficiently to create a doubt whether their mutual affection could live without the stimulus supplied by continuous, public, and vehement assertions of its existence. It is not the sign of a healthy friendship when both parties keep on recalling the fact that not long ago they had good reasons for entertaining very different feelings. These protestations do inspire some doubt whether the allies are quite sure that they may not in the future drift back to their old relations of hostility. Mr. LOWELL thinks it a good thing that the two countries should criticize one another freely and with good humour. If that is the only alternative to squabbling, it is, no doubt, the better of the two. But would it not be still better if one of them should give up caring about the opinion of the other, and so attained to absolutely safe possession of its own soul?

It is not unknown that this dinner was in some sort designed, as other pleasant feasts have been, for the promotion of business. There is the great question of copyright to be settled, and the Incorporated Society of Authors is naturally not indifferent in the matter. It has not only to fight the battles of the unremunerated author, but to secure for him whose works return him a comfortable income at home an equal, if not larger, harvest from America. It is advisable to imitate in discussing this question the reticence which has often been shown by the Incorporated Society of Authors itself. The question is really one for Americans to settle. As Mr. LOWELL justly observed, it is by no means sure that English publishers would have been less ready to play the pirate than their American colleagues if there had been an equal amount of booty afloat hailing from American ports. Considering universal human nature, he is possibly right, and if we have insisted on what is called the moral side of the question, it is humanly possible that this was because we had the most to gain by it. But the coat over the hot ashes of the copyright question is very thin, and should be lightly trodden on. To discuss it thoroughly is not the way to secure the continuance of friendly relations. We will not insist on pointing out that, if Mr. LONGFELLOW only achieved a game pie as the profit of the sale of his works in England, the reason doubtless was that his countrymen refused to give the international copyright which we were perfectly prepared to give. It was ill done of them to Mr. LONGFELLOW. To discuss these things, however, would be as unwise as it would have been to try to argue the rights and wrongs of the war of 1812 or to make an estimate of the generosity of the "generous principle of the alienable allegiance" last Wednesday evening. Happily the export of written matter from the United States has notably increased of late, and the producers of the same who suffer from the right of capture have become sufficiently numerous to make themselves heard. The competition of English authors in America is very severely felt, and so there is a reasonably good prospect that the desire of American men of letters to see their English colleagues treated with a liberality which will make it impossible for the publisher in the United States to reproduce their works at a very trifling price may at last receive some satisfaction. It appears, at least, that at no distant date the grievance of English authors may be replaced by the grievance of English printers, which will be a gain for the authors. In any case, the matter must be left in American hands. All we can do is to facilitate the good work by the studious use of polite language and the occasional giving of a dinner. This not very difficult course is made all the easier for us since American opinion can be now expressed in the very friendly terms

used by Mr. LOWELL. Truly, things have changed for the better when an American gentleman can say quite naturally, spontaneously, and with obvious conviction, that London is the Rome of the English-speaking world. For our part, we confess that we prefer such a sentence as this to many columns of laborious demonstration that, whereas Englishmen and Americans used to hate one another, they now have sworn eternal friendship.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE deterioration of the House of Commons in manners and discipline extends to its efficiency as a legislative machine. The growth of a Government Bill into an Act of Parliament ought to be marked only by the rejection or acceptance of amendments directly relating to the same subject matter. The great masters of Parliamentary practice, such as Sir ROBERT PEEL and, in his better days, Mr. GLADSTONE, never permitted the Opposition to take the opportunity of inserting irrelevant matter into their important measures. For many purposes a Legislature degenerates into a mob as soon as it ceases to be guided and controlled by responsible Ministers. A vigorous Government requires no large majority to qualify it for the arrangement and despatch of important business. It is only necessary that its adherents should be ready with their support when the Minister intimates to them his opinion that some principle, or perhaps the character of the Government, is at stake. A judicious leader of the House is not necessarily so much wedded to his own opinion as to refuse his assent to improvements of the original project whether they are proposed by friends or by opponents; but he ought systematically to discountenance, and, if possible, to suppress, all changes which, even if they are defensible in themselves, divert the energies of Parliament to alien objects. In former times, indeed, Acts of Parliament sometimes contained the strangest combination of enactments. A grant of an indispensable revenue to the Crown might be found side by side with clauses for the protection of Birmingham manufacturers against the competition of buttons not made of brass; but the practice, however slovenly, produced little practical inconvenience. On examination, it would have been found that the conglomerate enactments were identical in origin, though they might be inserted for the most dissimilar purposes. Railway Omnibus Bills in the present day furnish instances of the application of the same method in private legislation.

The Local Government Bill, as the principal measure of the Session, has supplied many illustrations of the inconvenience of what may be called collateral legislation. The defeats or concessions of the Government on questions pertinent to the proper subjects of legislation were sometimes to be regretted, either on their own account or as proofs of the uncertain character of the Ministerial majority; but such changes are not necessarily illegitimate, even when they are intrinsically undesirable. The transfer, for instance, of the nomination of chief constables from the Quarter Sessions to the County Council was a provision closely connected with the purpose of the Bill. The contrary practice was exemplified in the abolition of the ancient right of the London Corporation to appoint certain judicial officers. The framers of the Bill had deliberately excluded the City, as far as possible, from the scheme of Local Government. An exceptional interference with the privileges of the Corporation was an unjustifiable abuse of the forms of Parliament. As is usual, when irregularities are perpetrated, their objects are not even desirable in themselves; but the anomaly of abolishing without notice an institution which has existed for centuries, and which had not even been threatened, was more mischievous than the transfer of certain patronage from its former holders. The claptrap arguments urged by Radical members against election of judicial functionaries were chiefly objectionable because they had nothing to do with the Bill. It would have been scarcely less improper to transfer at the same time to the Crown the patronage of all the City livings. The possible mischief of such legislation is the more serious because Parliament now seems to have sanctioned the doctrine that there are no fundamental laws. The rules which must supply the place of a Constitution are liable to be abolished or fundamentally altered by amendments introduced at a moment's notice. The House of Lords, which ought to be the guardian of sound legislative practice, soon afterwards, with the probable intention of administering a reproof, paid

the House of Commons the compliment of imitating its procedure. By an extemporaneous and unexpected vote the House of Lords voted the abolition of the election of coroners by county freeholders. It might well have been left to a more democratic assembly to deprive the constituents who once returned the majority of members of Parliament of a right which they have inherited from a long succession of predecessors.

The most formidable attempt to introduce a fundamental change on the pretext of amending a Bill that had nothing to do with the proposed innovation was the proposal of making the owners of land and houses liable to the payment of half the rates. The House of Commons had previously imposed on owners a disability to take part in the administration of county finance. It was perhaps right to follow the precedent of the boroughs; but in the counties owners, as represented by the Justices, have had exclusive financial control. It would be a strange proceeding to make them directly liable to pay rates by the same Bill which transfers their fiscal powers to the occupiers. The arguments which are advanced in support of the scheme of rating the owners are obvious and, to a certain extent, plausible. It is undoubtedly the case that the rates which are in force at the date of an agreement for a lease are taken into consideration both by owner and by occupier in arranging the terms of their bargain. It is on this ground that Mr. GLADSTONE has again and again refused to reduce local taxation, because he held that the benefit of the relief would be conferred on the landlords, who are supposed to be legitimate victims, and not on the tenants, either of agricultural land or of buildings in towns. It is true that, as he has frequently stated, the landowner pays the rates when he has had the opportunity of adding the amount to the rent. On the other hand, new rates, especially if they have been unforeseen, fall on the tenant; though the benefit derived from the expenditure may, perhaps, accrue principally to the landlord. The apparent injustice has been almost wholly corrected in recent times by the power of a tenant, even during the currency of a lease, to impose new terms on the lessor. The whole subject requires careful consideration, and assuredly the occupier in the present state of the electoral franchise is not likely when the matter is finally settled to receive less than his due. It was a scandal that irresponsible members should almost succeed in interpolating a new system of local taxation into the Bill for establishing a local government. The self-appointed patrons of the tenant appeared to be unaware that the question was utterly irrelevant to the business which ought to have occupied their whole attention. Some of them appeared to be creditably embarrassed by their previous determination to secure to the ratepayer a monopoly of power. Almost all recent political changes have tended to confirm and widen the separation between taxation and representation. The compound householder, if he still retains a name which was once notorious, returns members who dispose of the national revenue to which he directly contributes nothing; but the proposal that an entirely new burden should be placed on an unenfranchised class was too audacious.

Mr. W. H. SMITH and Mr. RITCHIE have rarely been to blame for the introduction of irrelevant matter into the discussion of the Local Government Bill. They have been forced to consult the wishes of the Liberal-Unionists, who take delight in exhibiting the dependence of their allies on their voluntary support. It cannot be disputed that they have acted with good faith, but they have imposed on the great majority of the coalesced party the necessity of making concessions which produce an impression of weakness. In some cases in which they differed in opinion from the Conservatives the Liberal-Unionists may probably have been in the right; but they have sometimes been more anxious to exhibit their own Liberalism than to secure the attainment of the common object. Their able and experienced leaders would not deny the expediency of confining debates and votes to the issues which were formally submitted to Parliament. If the anomaly of proposing new and irrelevant enactments as amendments could be checked by increased stringency of the Standing Orders, it might be thought expedient to confer in this respect also additional powers on the Speaker or presiding officer; but it would be difficult to devise such a change, and it would perhaps be impossible to secure the assent of the House. The real remedy for this and all other Parliamentary abuses is the constitution of a majority on which a wise and able Minister could confidently rely. It is evidently a waste of time to form or express such aspirations. The power of a Minister

may be abused to the worst of purposes; and, although a moderate majority might suffice in ordinary circumstances, it is now, as Mr. GLADSTONE declared at the general election, necessary to be independent of the support of the Irish Nationalists. The most popular party leader of the present day is not likely to discourage the irregular activity of extreme politicians. The opportunity of unauthorized intruders into the province of legislation arises when an elaborate and comprehensive measure is proposed by the Government. Almost every clause in such a Bill as that which is conducted through the House by Mr. RICHIE tempts the amateur and the sophist into a display of his ingenuity, or perhaps of his Liberal zeal. The measure has not been delayed by organized obstruction, but it has served as a pretext for much unnecessary discussion. A great and doubtful change has been approved by the House of Commons, and in the parts of the Bill which have been omitted or postponed as much remains behind. There would be little cause for regret if the next Session were comparatively exempt from ambitious legislation; but unfortunately the questions of London and the licensing clauses have had to stand over, and the functions of the District Councils must be both devised and made intelligible to the world.

THE OPERA SEASON.

ADMIRERS of fine old institutions ought to derive no little consolation from a retrospect of the Italian Opera season which Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS brought to a happy conclusion at Covent Garden last Saturday. Some few years since many hard things were written of Italian opera. It was not merely a much-threatened institution, passing slowly to its doom, without any decent show of regret, save only from that pathetic sense of loss which magnanimous spirits feel when the "shadow of that which 'once was great' is passing away. One or two eminent judges found the case even worse. They pronounced Italian opera to be in *extremis*. They indicated its successor or supplanter, with not a few brutal, and perhaps hasty, allusions to the law of fit survival and the tendency of the best things in the world towards decay. Mr. HARRIS has done much to falsify these gloomy prognostications, and under his energetic management Italian opera has resumed its ancient reign at Covent Garden, with most of its old attractions and influence. German opera has not entered into possession, nor, indeed, attempted any competition. National, or English, opera seems as far as ever it was from attaining permanent lodgment in London, though it has enjoyed prosperity and displayed remarkable vitality in the provinces. If Mr. HARRIS had done nothing more than to prove there is plenty of life in Italian opera, the season just concluded at Covent Garden would be sufficiently notable. But his success is in truth far more comprehensive. Without resorting to novelties, and abandoning the ruinous "star" system, he has presented a well-chosen variety of popular operas, with—in most instances—a stage *ensemble* of uncommon excellence. The average of representation in all sections of operatic interpretation has been decidedly high. Band and chorus may be said to deserve the warm acknowledgments they have received. Altogether the performances have fairly fulfilled the ideal that offers excellence in the whole and not the overpowering supremacy of some soprano or tenor. People no longer speak of going to the opera to hear this prima donna or another, to the exclusion of a full representation of the piece. They accept the altered conditions of the operatic stage, and are well pleased if the composer's work is efficiently presented at all points. Regarded from this standpoint, the season has not been disappointing or without interest.

The absence of all competition naturally strengthened Mr. HARRIS's position. His company was certainly a strong one, and its powers in combination appear, perhaps, more remarkable when the inconsiderable accessions to its strength from the ranks of new singers are taken into account. It would scarcely be possible to suggest any improvement upon the casts of certain operas at Covent Garden—such as *Carmen*, *Les Huguenots*, *Lohengrin*, and *Faust*. M. GOUNOD's opera, with Mme. ALBANI and Mme. SCALCHI, the MM. DE RESZKE, and M. LASSALLE, was an occasion that can seldom have known a parallel in those rich and shining days of yore on which the old opera-goer never wearies to descant. But it is worthy of note that, in all the triumphs

of Mr. HARRIS's season, it is the veterans who are to the front, and they cannot be said to be threatened by serious rivalry among the newcomers. It would, however, be rash to argue from the results of the season that the dearth of young singers of promise is likely to continue. Mr. HARRIS may be more fortunate in this respect next season. Your energetic manager, though he would hesitate to admit that the supply responds to the demand, has a strange power of discovering talent in the obscurest quarters of the globe, and a happy gift of keeping his discoveries dark till the moment arrives for revelation. One unpleasant drawback with which he has too often to contend is the imperfect equipment of the object of his choice. The new tenor, or soprano, may be all that is desirable vocally and yet absolutely without stage training. The new singer who is to captivate all the opera audiences of the world may be drawn from some humble and uncongenial pursuit—as has happened repeatedly—and, with little or no preparation, be subjected to the rigours of latter-day criticism. The ordeal is especially severe in these times when every operatic singer is expected to be an actor, and the expectation, with regard to newcomers, is sometimes unduly insisted upon. It would be easy to make too much of the shortcomings of the most promising of Mr. HARRIS's *débütantes*, if it were reasonable to expect in a young singer an equal development of vocal gifts and dramatic capacity. Miss MACINTYRE is a singer of great promise, and would assuredly be an interesting addition to the next year's Italian Opera Company. Mme. MELBA, again, was decidedly successful in *Lucia*, though the Australian singer enjoyed few opportunities of showing the true extent of her powers. Much more accountable than the disappearance of Mme. MELBA was the prompt withdrawal that followed the first appearances of the remaining claimants among the unknown.

AFTER THE MEETING.

"HE came; he is gone; they have met" would appear to express accurately enough both the actual results of the much-talked-of meeting of CZAR and EMPEROR and the estimate entertained, after the fact, of those results. Perhaps this estimate, though more widely uttered after the fact, was pretty generally made in well-informed quarters before it. That the policy expressed in a document prepared with so much and such evident care as the Speech from the German Throne but the other day was not likely to be reversed in a personal visit a week or two afterwards was indeed no very rash or startling proposition. It seems very likely that the personal feeling between the two Imperial families (which has for a long time been more or less warm, especially in the case of the Sovereign, his namesake and grandfather, whom the Emperor WILLIAM II. especially reveres and imitates) has been rendered warmer by the visit. That visit, as the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* says in a creditably Grandisonian manner, "created on both 'sides the desire of retarding the moment of separation.' Most people (not all perhaps) when they get old are not excessively anxious to retard the moment of separation on meeting their fellows. But the CZAR is not an old man, and the EMPEROR is a very young one. To the general taste the harmless diversions of boiling potatoes and frying fish along the Finnish coast, in which the CZAR's own family were reported as indulging before the meeting, would be more agreeable than existence conducted as if it were one long review, varied only by interminable State dinners. But there are times of life when even State dinners and reviews are tolerable or delightful, and both these Sovereigns belong to families in which holding reviews is a hereditary passion. It is very probable that the reviews and the dinners left no time for talking politics, if there had been a desire to talk them, and still more probable that there was not even such a desire.

It does not follow, however, that good, and not inconsiderable good, may not follow from the meeting. In these days information about the personal character of sovereigns is for the most part as worthless as it is abundant. But the most trustworthy accounts of the CZAR represent him as exactly the kind of man who might derive the greatest benefit from frequent and friendly intercourse with persons over whom he has no authority, and of whom he entertains no distrust. The loneliness of monarchs is a well-worn theme of moralists, but it is a fact, and an important fact, nevertheless. And the worst errors of the present CZAR'S

reign have been exactly the errors likely to be committed by a well-meaning person who shuts himself up and broods in his study over his affairs, instead of taking them in the open and as they come. The long self-imprisonment which gave rise to such very likely injurious suspicions as to the CZAR's personal courage was probably to blame for the altogether unjustifiable temper in which he has since regarded Bulgaria, or rather the rulers of Bulgaria—a temper which has led him to be guilty of conduct less outrageous, but at the same time little less disgraceful, than the worst excesses of LOUIS XIV. or of the First NAPOLEON. In kind, if not in degree, the devastations of the Palatinate and the kidnapping and murder of ENGHEN are almost the only historical events to which the long conspiracy against the peace of Bulgaria and the policy pursued towards Prince ALEXANDER can be compared. Yet everybody gives ALEXANDER III. the credit of being a just man, according to his lights; and indeed it may be plausibly argued that no one but a just man, according to his lights, could have done or permitted things so disgraceful without doing others more disgraceful still. Nothing does this kind of person so much good as knocking about with his equals and seeing the world through some other spectacles than his own prejudices and the interests or fears of his suite. There is not much knocking about, and but a small glimpse of the world, in a formal five days' visit from a brother Sovereign; but there is something.

Unluckily, however, it has been the German whim or the German policy to humour rather than to correct the CZAR in the point where he has gone chiefly wrong, and the gossip about Prince WALDEMAR takes only too much account of this. The unfixing of a fixed idea is always a difficult operation, but it is not an impossible one. And the person, whether sovereign or subject, who could open the CZAR's eyes to the real nature of his conduct towards Bulgaria would be doing the greatest service possible to the peace and welfare of Europe. If those who denounce that conduct were in the habit, as silly Russophiles pretend, of regarding the CZAR as a personally monstrous compound of violence and fraud, and if their view were correct, there would of course be no use in making any attempt of the kind. But it is pretty well understood that the last three Sovereigns of Russia at least have been men ambitious, indeed, and desirous of extending their sway as all patriotic sovereigns are, but of strict personal honour, and as little capable of playing the part of a FREDERICK the Great or a NAPOLEON in roguery as of emulating the military and political genius of those two illustrious and notorious rulers. In regard to the present CZAR and his NABOTH'S vineyard on the Balkans, it is almost universally admitted that the real *causa malorum*, much more than Russian greed or guile, is that vague and terrible delusion about "rights" which is so common a source of trouble in private life. All men know the helpless and hopeless state of the private individual who "only wants people to behave properly," who "asks for nothing but his rights," and whose idea of those rights is as imperishable and as elastic as it is unfounded and vague. All men also know that other form of almost incurable dementia which consists in a conviction that individuals or the public generally have been guilty of gross ingratitude to the sufferer. ALEXANDER III. appears to be the victim of both these common but disastrous afflictions, and unfortunately it is Prince BISMARCK'S habit, for Prince BISMARCK'S own purposes, to aggravate his case in at least the first of them.

The facts are, of course, perfectly plain and almost entirely the other way. There was, no doubt, a certain debt of gratitude due to Russia by Bulgaria for the fact of emancipation, though perhaps it would not do to change the consideration from the fact to the reasons. Unfortunately Russia took care to take out the value of that debt at once and largely. All who have studied the subject (a number which, it is to be feared, includes not very many Englishmen) know how the seven or eight years' occupation, monopolizing, engrossing, or whatever word may be preferred, of Bulgaria, by and for the benefit of Russia, turned Bulgarian gratitude, which was at first warm enough, into passive dislike, and then to a great extent into active indignation and hatred. Meanwhile the CZAR had been enjoying an influence which was not secured to him by the terms of any treaty, and which could not, consistently with the terms of that treaty which created the situation, be prolonged in its full extent and degree. It has, indeed, often been the case that some of the greater Powers of Europe have for a time, by a kind of common

consent, been allowed to exercise a certain preponderant influence—to be, so to speak, the *amants en titre* of certain smaller Powers; and something of this sort might have been continued in the case of Russia and Bulgaria. But the first condition of such tolerance—to wit, that the lady should still be willing—has notoriously been wanting here for a long time; not to mention other considerable changes in the circumstances. There is a great difference between a polite abstention from interference with amicable arrangements, and a criminal toleration of downright persecution by an unlicensed persecutor. Whatever Prince BISMARCK may say, neither he nor any one else has produced, or can produce, a single instrument under which Russia has the right to tyrannize over Bulgaria, or to render Bulgarian government impossible. The PRINCE, indeed, is pretty clearly of the mind that to acknowledge the Russian title to commit injustice is the best way to keep Russia from actually committing it; nor shall we deny that there is something to be said for that plan. But it comes a little too near in principle to "Après moi le déluge"; which, indeed, might seem to a cynic to be the Bismarckian motto in many things.

"ON THE OTHER SIDE."

THE story told in the *Standard* by a correspondent with the rather hackneyed signature of "Pro Bono Publico" is one of those which, in a still harder worked phrase, come home to men's business and bosoms. Travelling by third class has grown so common among all sections of society, especially on the great lines which run to the North, that this brief record of recent experience possesses an almost unlimited interest. The *Standard's* correspondent left Euston on Saturday afternoon for Liverpool, with his niece, a little girl of eleven. They got into a third-class carriage, into a compartment where smoking was not allowed, and they had for fellow-passengers a married couple with two children. Just as the train was leaving Willesden a porter shoved, as unceremoniously as porters sometimes will, three more or less drunken men into the compartment, who announced that they were discharged soldiers from India, and immediately began to drink spirits. As the train was not timed to stop before Rugby, the situation was, to put it mildly, somewhat strained. The language of the men was what might have been expected, and what ladies have unfortunately sometimes to endure as best they may. But that was a small part of the horrors to which these unhappy travellers were subjected by the stupidity or recklessness of the Company's servants. A single sentence from the letter in the *Standard* sufficiently describes the state of the case:—"The maniac, who was a tall and powerful man, picked a quarrel with his sleepy companion, stripped himself to the waist, and struck him 'in the face, drawing blood.'" The "maniac," it should be explained, was the man who was most drunk at the outset, and who had been, from his own point of view, bettering his condition ever since. This is a very pretty scene for women and children to witness in the course of an afternoon's journey from London to Liverpool. But that was not all. The two gentlemen put their companions into a corner, and stood guard over them. The maniac called for the key of his bag that he might produce his knife, hit one of the gentlemen on the head, and was preparing to make what he called a "clean sweep" when the train steamed into Rugby. The sequel shows what might have happened. The men were removed into another carriage, where two of them fought so desperately that they had to be left at Tamworth, and the compartment was at once closed, as being unfit for the use of passengers.

The circumstances would have been more than a sufficient excuse for stopping the train. But the train could not be stopped. On one side the cord could not be reached because the combatants blocked the way. On the other side it was pulled by the author of the narrative in the *Standard*, with the sole result that it "came away" in the puller's hand. The Directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company—one of the greatest corporations in the world—have not much reason to thank the voluntary efforts of their amateur champion in the columns of the *Standard* who signs himself "North-Western." "North-Western's" letter is interesting, because, among other things, it explains how the adventures of "Pro Bono Publico" came to happen, and why they are not unlikely to happen again, as, according

to A. H., they have happened before. Many soldiers and sailors, it seems, change at Willesden in their transference from the Southern lines. They often have to wait for a considerable time, they go outside the station, and they return the worse for liquor. While they are in this condition the down express from Euston arrives with almost every compartment full. The pressure of competition and the demand for increased speed have turned the attention of traffic managers to "useless haulage," and every unnecessary inch or ounce is accordingly dispensed with. Having explained these causes and effects with edifying clearness, "North-Western" proceeds to make the following judicial pronouncement:—"There is no blame attachable to the London and North-Western Railway on account of 'P. B. P.'s' inability to communicate with the driver and guards. He was evidently on the near side of the compartment, whereas the communication, as stated in the directions exposed in every compartment, was attached to the off or right-hand side of the carriage, access to which was prevented by his inebriated fellow-passengers." This is, perhaps, the most touching and pleasing example of devotion to red tape which it has ever been our good fortune to observe. "North-Western" would, if his practice squares with his theory, be quite willing to suffer death or mutilation at the hands of a railway Company, if only everything were done in strict accordance with printed rules and regulations. A less stoical philosopher might be inclined to suggest that, if the cord has been on only one side in the past, it should be on both sides in the future, and that meanwhile to put a useless string, which "comes away" in the hand, exactly where it will most certainly deceive the unwary, is a practical joke in the worst possible taste.

GENERAL BOULANGER REALLY DEFEATED.

IT is beyond question this time that General BOULANGER has suffered a very real check. His defeat in the Ardèche is a severe misfortune for him. The efforts he makes to minimize it are very natural—we have heard something like them before from candidates of more parties than one nearer home—but they are futile. His absence at the time of the election, which he strives to represent as the reason of his failure, would have done him no harm if he had enjoyed in the Ardèche the same kind of popularity as he had in the Nord. He chose the field of battle, he stood with the support of M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, and before his recent difference with M. ROCHEFORT can have had time to do him such harm as it can. He prepared the way by a preliminary scene. The result is that he is beaten by a local competitor most completely. An event of this sort differs altogether from his previous so-called defeats. Then he was either supposed to have ruined himself by some error in taste, or had been in some way bested by his enemies. Now he has failed to receive the support of friends on which he obviously counted with confidence. The cases are very different, and the second is much the worst of the two. His enemies need not hasten to conclude that they have heard the last of the General. Like other chiefs of the partisan kind, he may, and very possibly will, rally after the rout, and turn up in the act of capturing a convoy or cutting off a detachment where he is least expected. But small war is always more irritating than dangerous, and for all kinds of leaders there is always a great difference in their positions before and after the first undoubted rout. The General has, to put it politely, fought a Moscow campaign, and any victories he may gain now will not be as the old ones were.

Many causes more or less plausible can be given for the waning of his political plans—his open pretensions to the place of CÆSAR, his known readiness to play with that very dangerous tool La Revanche, which has been felt to be all the more dangerous since the dreamed of Russian alliance began to look more like a dream, and the very large mountebank element in the man, are all given as reasons for his failure. They may have weight, but every one of them was as good a reason why he should never have attained to the position he did, and yet they did not avail. In truth, the ups and downs of such a popularity as his are not always susceptible of explanation on rational grounds. It is apt at times to look larger than it really is, and to go as lightly as it came. If an explanation must be found, as good a one as another is the fact that the General has lately committed the

gambler's error of backing his ill luck, has fidgeted when he had better have been quiet, and has appeared too often in the character of unsuccessful man. This is not a course which pays either the gambler or the popularity-seeker, and least of all in France. It may now be taken as proved that the General will not be able to sweep all before him. But that this is really a gain to French politics is at least doubtful. The fact that he should ever have appeared likely to become master of France is itself disgraceful to the Third Republic, and however complete his defeat may be, the Government is not in a much better position. If he fails to secure reelection in the Nord, if he is beaten everywhere, if he disappears into utter obscurity in six weeks (things which are by no means certain to happen), in what respect will France be permanently benefited? Another name will have to be added to the now long list of the failures of the Third Republic, and we shall have one piece of evidence the more that France is destitute, not only of men who can govern well, but of men who can govern at all. M. FERRY has just explained to a reporter that the disappearance of BOULANGER does not necessarily mean the disappearance of Boulangerism. This political view is, in fact, only the angry discontent of the country with a Chamber which will allow nobody to govern, and persistently neglects the business of the country. As long as that Chamber or any successor like it exists, there will always be a possibility that some adventurer will be shot into sudden popularity and power. M. FERRY told the reporter how the danger was to be avoided. Nobody will be surprised to learn that it is by the adoption of M. FERRY's policy, but unhappily that also is among the failures. We see no reason to believe that any new Chamber will be less divided or wiser than the present. Neither is there much hope of salvation in the leadership of MM. FLOQUET and CLÉMENTEAU or the respectable insignificance of President CARNOT. All the "signs of the times" in France go to support the belief that a species of palsy is creeping over the political intellect of Frenchmen. They seem on the political side, at least, if not in letters or science, to be sinking into the condition in which Italy lay for long, and Spain has lain for centuries. They have passed through some such periods before, but in former times they had the Royal House to give an element of stability to their politics, which is now absolutely wanting.

THE LIBEL BILL IN THE LORDS.

AFTER the excellent work done in Committee by the House of Commons upon the Libel Law Amendment Bill, it is disappointing to find that the House of Lords, where the legal element is so strong, has shown much less understanding of the subject and acquaintance with the dangers to be avoided than the Lower Chamber. The Bill will go back to the House of Commons decidedly worse than it left it. As the last clauses of the Bill have still to be passed in Committee, and the Report stage has yet to come, it may be hoped that their Lordships may retrieve some of the mistakes they made on Tuesday; but if they do not the House of Commons will do well to refuse to accept the Lords' amendments, even at the risk of losing the Bill for this Session.

The smaller amendments moved by Lord MONKSWELL, who had charge of the Bill, and passed by the House apparently without much consideration, are for the most part harmless enough, but in some particulars of importance the Bill has undergone alteration for the worse. The chief of these is that at the end of the Fourth Clause. As the Bill stood the clause concluded with a proviso that the privilege which it confers should not extend to the publication of any matter not of public interest, or the publication of which is not for the public benefit. Whether the word "benefit" was in the Bill or not is not very clear. The Bill as amended by the House of Commons has not been published. The reports of the debate in the Lords substitute "public interest" for "public benefit," but it is certain that "benefit" was the word used by Mr. KELLY in moving the addition to the clause of the proviso, which was insisted upon by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, accepted by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and passed by the Committee without a division. However this may be, Lord MONKSWELL proposed to substitute for the double proviso of the House of Commons a single one, that no privilege should be extended to matter "not published in the interest of the 'public.'" This is highly injudicious. It might possibly

be held to enable a defendant to prove that, though the publication of the particular passage in the report of a public meeting for which privilege was sought was not, in fact, for the public benefit, yet the defendant thought it was, and that therefore the passage was "published in the interest of the public." The proviso, as it stood, expressed clearly the intention which the Committee in the Commons undoubtedly had; namely, that the present law—that it must be shown that the publication of the libellous passage is for the public benefit, in order to enjoy privilege in respect of it—should be substantially maintained. It is probable that the Committee of the House of Lords had the same intention; but they have seriously impeded themselves in giving effect to it, apparently for no better reason than a regard for brevity and verbal neatness, which are really of no importance at all. Lord HERSCHELL intimated that he proposed at a later stage to move a further amendment, and it is much to be hoped that he will unequivocally restore the sense of the passage excised by Lord MONKSWELL'S amendment.

The amendment as to the consolidation of actions for substantially identical libels by separate defendants is to be regretted, as it interferes with the power of judges to make such orders as to trial as the circumstances seem to demand; but the point is rather technical, and perhaps not of great importance. The withdrawal of Clause 7 is an improvement to the Bill. Lord COLERIDGE'S new clause, however, is thoroughly objectionable. It is not a matter of the first importance whether the fiat for the prosecution of a newspaper is granted by the Director of Public Prosecutions or by the Attorney-General, though a permanent official presumably unconnected with party politics is rather the safer and more satisfactory person of the two to be entrusted with a discretion which may often have to be exercised in cases where party feelings are involved. But the provision that notice of the application must be given to the defendant, who may attend to oppose it, is thoroughly bad, and must be excised if the Bill is to be a good one. The fiat ought to be issued wherever the defendant has, on the face of it, committed the indictable offence of libel; and the officer who grants the fiat can judge whether that condition is fulfilled or not exactly as well without the defendant as in his presence. It is astonishing that nobody in the House of Lords corrected Lord COLERIDGE'S mistake about libels not being always indictable. He has now shifted his ground, and no longer urges that to be indictable a libel must be of a public character. But he alleges that it must be one actually likely to lead to a breach of the peace. He is as wrong as before. Every libel is an indictable offence, and the books assert that the historical reason for this law is, that libels as a general rule tend to breaches of the peace. It never was necessary to prove any such actual tendency in a specific libel. Lord COLERIDGE'S confused contention that Mr. Wood could not have prosecuted Mr. Cox criminally if he had thought proper could not be supported by any lawyer in the country. If the libel had been published otherwise than in a newspaper, he could have prosecuted the publisher without any fiat at all, and Lord COLERIDGE himself could not have withdrawn the case from the jury. The proper thing to do with Lord COLERIDGE'S clause is to strike it out of the Bill, and we trust that this will be done by one House of Parliament or the other.

IRELAND.

THAT variety of democrat who holds that only men not entitled to Parliamentary "privilege" should be equal before the law has been deprived of a grievance by the police who arrested Mr. O'KELLY. As they took the trouble to follow the member for North Roscommon to the Mark Lane railway station, instead of arresting him as he left the House of Commons, the believers in this new and much more vulgar kind of divine right are unable to complain of its violation, and are left to protest against detectives "slouching round the House of Commons," or, in other words, taking the only possible means, other than arresting members as they leave the House, for effecting their arrest at all. This, however, was felt apparently, even by the Parnellites, to be a little too thin for a privilege debate, and we have accordingly been spared that interruption to public business at this time of special Parliamentary pressure. We are not so sanguine, however, as to hope that we have escaped the subject altogether. The particular charge on which Mr.

O'KELLY is being proceeded against—that of taking part in a criminal conspiracy to induce persons not to give evidence at private inquiries under the Crimes Act—offers too tempting an opportunity for one of those displays of indignant Gladstonian eloquence to which Mr. BALFOUR referred with so much humour and effect in the speech which was delivered by him at the Grocers' Hall the other day, and which for keen, and at the same time admirably tempered, satire surpasses, we think, even the best of his previous efforts. The excellent spirits in which the CHIEF SECRETARY spoke are thoroughly well justified by the success of an administration which its bitterest enemies perceive more and more plainly every day to be winning.

One of the most conspicuous proofs of the discomfiture of its adversaries is to be found in the straits to which they are driven for the means of exciting prejudice against the Government. The MANDEVILLE case is beginning to lose some of the attractions which it possessed for the agitator before the official case was opened, and the "true truth" began gradually to come out; and the VANDELEUR evictions, in spite of all the efforts of a couple of sensational reporters to utilize them for party purposes, have fallen singularly flat in England. Glenbeigh and Bodyke were much more promising subjects at the worst of times than these latest "outrages" of a landlord who has been pressing reductions of about sixty per cent. on men who are able to pay their rent in full; and even Glenbeigh and Bodyke, as we know, disappointed their backers at the last. Can it be possible, the sensation-mongers must, we imagine, be asking themselves, that the English public have grasped the facts of the case at the very outset; that there is not to be any period of delusion for them, however short; that the lie is not to have "time on its wings to fly" before it is knocked on the head by the cudgel of Truth? It must really seem to them almost as if Mr. T. W. RUSSELL'S letter to the *Times* had already been circulated in a cheap popular form over the whole country, and as if the conspiracy of silence with regard to it which the English Gladstonian press has entered into with such significant unanimity were too late to prevent the mischief. Whether that be the case or not, and whether Mr. RUSSELL'S exposure of the gross fraud and cruelty of the Campaigners' proceedings be required for the enlightenment of anybody in this particular case or not, we think it must be desired that the result of his visit to the VANDELEUR estate, as given in his letter to the *Times* of Thursday last, should receive the widest possible publicity. Even if the English public do not require to be told that there is no case of landlord oppression here, they may need to be informed how monstrous a case of Campaigners' oppression Mr. RUSSELL'S inquiries have brought to light. It may be of service to them to know, and certainly it should be profitable to remind the Government, that house after house is being broken into, and tenant after tenant forcibly dispossessed for non-payment of rent which not one single evicted man is unable to pay, which many or most of them avow themselves willing to pay, but which not one of them dares to pay for fear of the consequences. The English public and the Government, too, would be none the worse for reflecting seriously on the case of the tenant who said "I could pay ten years' rent, but I should pay it dearly, for it would be with my life"; or of that other who, when asked why he did not pay his rent, replied with the question, "Do you want me to be murdered?" A little reflection on these cases, and all that they imply, will be an antidote to much Gladstonian and, we are sorry to have to add, some Conservative nonsense, about the duty or possibility of relaxing the pressure of the Executive hand in Ireland.

HAVE WE A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR?

THE answer to the question which we have placed at the head of this article ought to be a very easy and simple one. It is, as a matter of fact, most difficult and complicated. Lord BYRON expressed his inability to understand how the people's voice could be and not be the voice of God. The Report of the Committee appointed by the Treasury, though otherwise valuable, will not help the public to comprehend in what sense there is and in what sense there is not a Public Prosecutor in this country. In the first place, the actual term is unknown to the law, the proper technical phrase being Director of Public Prosecutions. That, however, is a small point. A more im-

portant consideration is that with the vast majority of prosecutions this so-called Director has nothing whatever to do. The office was created by statute in the time of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Administration, when the present Lord CROSS was Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Mr., now Sir JOHN, MAULE was selected to fill it. But "what gave rise to no little surprise, nobody seemed "one penny the worse," except the taxpayer, against whom the Director was not ostensibly supposed to operate. Some seven or eight years afterwards, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, then Home Secretary, appointed a Committee, of which Sir JOHN GORST was Chairman, to inquire into the working of Sir JOHN MAULE'S department. The Committee recommended that it should be amalgamated with the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, and Sir JOHN MAULE retired on a pension. Since that time Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, with the handsome salary of three thousand a year, has been at once Solicitor to the Treasury, Director of Public Prosecutions, and Queen's Proctor. The result, so far as criminal proceedings are concerned, is *nil*. Those cases, chiefly murders or crimes of extraordinary gravity and extent, which the Solicitor to the Treasury took up in the old days the Director of Public Prosecutions takes up now. The conduct of ordinary criminal proceedings is still left to the vengeance of individuals, or to the vigilance of the local police. We need hardly point out that on the Continent, in Scotland, and practically, if not theoretically, in Ireland, the system is very different. There the broadest distinction is drawn between civil actions for the vindication of private rights and criminal prosecutions for the protection of the community at large. The one class of business is left to the parties immediately concerned. The other is jealously retained in the hands of the State, as the paramount authority responsible for the maintenance of peace and order. The amendment to the Libel Bill which has been proposed and carried by Lord COLERIDGE will, if the House of Commons should agree with it, transfer one delicate duty from the Director to the Attorney-General. There is, however, some constitutional objection to entrusting a political officer, who is also at liberty to take private practice, with the function of deciding in what circumstances a newspaper should be prosecuted for libel.

The Treasury Committee, of which Sir HENRY JAMES, Lord Justice BOWEN, and Mr. HENRY FOWLER were prominent members, has drawn up a very interesting and instructive Report upon the internal economy, or rather extravagance, of Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON'S office. Our Public Prosecutor is not only a sham, but a very expensive sham too. We must disclaim any wish to make a personal attack upon Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, who has done nothing, so far as we can see, to deserve the somewhat harsh strictures passed upon him by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE both in Court and in the House of Lords. No human being, nor yet an archangel from Heaven, could satisfactorily discharge the ill-defined and heterogeneous functions accumulated upon the head of the Solicitor to the Treasury. But his office ought, with the kind permission of Mr. JENNINGS, to be at once reformed. The Committee find that the staff is decidedly excessive, and that many of the salaries are too high. They also call attention, as well they may, to the astonishing facts that "no shorthand writers are employed," that "the telephone "has not been introduced into the office," and that "any messenger making use of a cab has to obtain permission "from Sir A. K. STEPHENSON before doing so." It is obvious, however, that the redundancy of the staff cannot be pruned without the greatest difficulty. For the gentlemen employed under the Solicitor to the Treasury are permanent members of the Civil Service, and, as such, are entitled to pensions. But the House of Commons has passed a resolution over the heads of the Government to the effect that no one entitled to a pension shall be compelled to retire if he is still fit for work and if no other public employment can be found for him. The principle thus enunciated is sound enough as a general rule. But, if it is to be forced upon the Treasury as an unalterable law, great inconvenience will inevitably ensue. The Committee have, indeed, declined to recommend, whether in consequence of Mr. JENNINGS'S motion or not we are unable to say, that "at "present any general change should be compulsorily made "in the existing staff, as such changes would necessarily "increase the amount of non-effective charges." It is therefore clear that the reorganization of Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON'S department will be a very slow process indeed. But HER MAJESTY'S Ministers might well consider between

the present time and the beginning of next Session whether the Solicitor to the Treasury ought not to be confined to his proper duties, and whether a real Public Prosecutor ought not to be appointed, with full power to supervise and superintend the entire criminal business of the country.

THE AUTUMN SESSION.

NOBODY can have expected—at any time, at least, within the last ten days—to escape an autumn Session; and Mr. SMITH, therefore, has the pleasure of reflecting that nobody is disappointed by his announcement last Thursday. Whatever disappointment it may have given will have been caused not so much by the definitive sentence of two months more or less hard labour to "run from "November next," which it pronounced upon the House, as by the uncertainty in which it left the term of imprisonment now in course of being "done" by members of Parliament. Mr. SMITH promises, indeed, to liberate them by the end of the second week of August; but the formidable amount of work which he invites them to dispose of before that time arrives is not very encouraging to the hope that that promise will be strictly fulfilled. It is also a little irritating to feel that the exact cause of this additional demand upon them is designedly or undesignedly somewhat obscured by the manner in which that demand is presented. Ministers have talked gravely, and Ministerial journalists have gravely repeated after them, that it would be a scandal to drop measures on which Parliament has spent much time and trouble, and for which the country has long been waiting. When, however, we come to look into the matter, we find that these measures—or those, at any rate, on which most time and trouble have been spent—could be passed into law without resort to any extraordinary effort at all. Mr. SMITH, for instance, suggests that it will be possible to dispose "at a single sitting" of the three Bills which have been considered by the Standing Committees; and, indeed, the bulk of all the important legislation of the year is so far advanced that it is obvious that most of it could be completed and the prorogation fixed within a reasonable period from the present date, if only Supply were in manageable condition. It is the backward state of Supply which reduces the House to the painful alternative of either sitting on till mid-September or reassembling for an autumn Session; and, since a choice between these two courses would be equally imperative, whatever Bills were dropped or proceeded with, it is only obscuring and confusing matters to allow the demands, or supposed demands, of legislation to enter into the question at all.

We endeavoured the other day to set forth the reasons which induce us to regard the circumstances of the present Session as exceptional, and as justifying in a certain qualified sense that postponement of financial business, the arrears of which will compel the House to reassemble in November. But in so far as the suggested explanation may be deemed inadequate to excuse the postponement in question, the responsibility for it must, of course, rest with Ministers, as the disposers of the time of the House, and it is a responsibility which they ought to regard as no light one. A Government which should find itself confronted with the possibility of having to resort to autumn Sessions as part of the regular routine for the transaction of public business would be bound to reconsider its theory of its duties with respect to that business, and to see what revision of its customary programme with respect thereto was required in order to avoid so deplorable a necessity. We have said, and we repeat, that we can hardly conceive anything more injurious to the national interests than that Parliament should get into the habit of sitting for some eight or nine months out of the twelve. Administrative work would be most mischievously affected by it. Really useful legislation of the departmental kind would almost have to be given up altogether. Executive policy at home and abroad would be subjected to the constant and irritating interference of the Parliamentary busybody. All this would constitute a very serious price to pay even for political or legislative gains of a very distinct and assured kind. But when the only gain is to the unwholesome emulation of parties in meddling with what is best let alone, and to the pernicious superstition that some one "great "measure" must be brought forward every year by any Government which would justify its existence, the "autumn "Session" becomes indeed a thing to be deprecated.

THE ARMADA CELEBRATION AT PLYMOUTH.

TRULY all England has been keeping the Tercentenary of the Armada; for the season in this year of 1888 seems to be an exact copy of the weather in 1588. Then as now "it might be winter but the days are longer," and we might well cry out as did Lord Seymour on the 12th of July in that year, "Never saw the like of such summer weather," or repeat Lord Howard's description of the summer as "marvellously foul weather." And yet the people of the West-country had cause last week to congratulate themselves upon genuine Armada weather; for as in 1588 the sun shone forth and the winds lulled just to let the valour of English seamen deal with Spain, ere the fierce winds of heaven took their broken forces in hand, so at Plymouth last week the cold and stormy weather suddenly cleared, and sunshine gladdened the hearts of the Plymouth men who had worked with energy for the commemoration of the great deliverance. There are few towns that lend themselves so kindly to an open-air pageant as Plymouth. The scene from the Hoe on any fine summer day is one that stirs the heart with many a memory, and the Committee did well to make their commemoration take the form of a ceremony upon this historic height. At the moment when the troops and marines were arriving to take up their positions around the canopy, bright with coloured bunting, that sheltered the site of the memorial, the scene was one full of animation, colour, and effect. Out upon the clear blue waters of the Sound were numberless craft, fishing-boats, and training brigs, merchant steamers, and graceful yachts, all gay with every available flag. The old Eddystone Lighthouse that now caps the Hoe had its glass lantern and balcony thickly fringed with spectators; the effective statue of Drake looked out over the crowded masses of people and the arriving regiments, away out over the crowded waters to the green isle with its grey forts that now is named after him. One side of the square was walled in by the men of the Honourable Artillery Company—a fitting post for the regiment that had drilled the trained bands just three hundred years ago. The ceremony of laying the stone was made all the more interesting by the presence of the mayors of the ancient boroughs around Plymouth, as of Saltash and Totnes and others, men who spoke in the vernacular to their quaint mace-bearers. But the interest centred in the site itself and its surroundings and its memories, now, thanks to the Drake statue and the Armada memorial, surely never to be effaced.

Within the Citadel walls, on a fairly level plot of ground, which was supposed to be the exact site where the famous game of bowls was being played by Drake and his fellow-captains when the Armada came in sight, was played in the afternoon a game of bowls in Elizabethan costume. It was a team from Leeds that pluckily went down into Devon to play the townsmen upon their own ground; and, playing with heavier bowls, that took less note of the inequalities of the ground, carried off the victory upon this famous green. The players in their costumes, donned but for this occasion, presented some curious anomalies and anachronisms.

After the game of bowls came the historical procession, an item in the proceedings that caused a good deal of pleasure to the many thousands of tourists who had crowded into Plymouth for the day. But the work in connexion with this celebration that is likely to be of real lasting value, and from which much insight into the life of Elizabethan days may be gleaned, is the gathering together of the Exhibition of the Armada and Elizabethan relics. There are many items of extreme interest in this Exhibition, and it should not be dispersed until some experts have gone carefully over the articles gathered together with a good deal of labour on the part of the Exhibition Committee. At present the articles are not arranged according to the Catalogue, and it was difficult sometimes to find items that appeared from their printed description to be of interest; while on the other hand, some most interesting objects were not to be found at all in the Catalogue. Amongst these was "the ornament given by Queen Elizabeth to Admiral Hawkins on his return from the Spanish Armada." This was sent in at a late hour by Lady Rosebery, too late to appear in the Catalogue.

The portraits in the collection are numerous and of the highest interest, and, hanging together as they do now, from all parts of England, arouse curious arguments and surmises as to their authenticity and genuineness. There is an interesting portrait of Queen Elizabeth when young, stated to have been in the possession of the exhibitor's (Mr. S. C. Roby) family for two hundred years, hanging next to a portrait of Edward VI. The latter has the harder features and thicker lips of a male portrait, but the likeness between the two faces is very great. The portraits of Sir Francis Drake are very numerous. No. 24 is dated 1585, *Æt. sum. 41*; and about this and No. 32, styled in the Catalogue "Original Portrait of Sir John Hawkins," and lent by Mr. C. Stuart Hawkins, there is a curious fact. This portrait of Hawkins is also dated 1591, *Ætatis sum. 58*. Hanging not far from them is the painting by Mytens of the group—Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, and Thomas Cavendish—from Newbattle Abbey; and the painting of Sir John Hawkins especially seems taken from the frame of No. 32, and placed in the group of this more masterly picture. The pose is exactly the same; the face and head-dress, and even the position of the fingers, are exactly copied; but the left side of Sir John has been cut off to allow him to stand behind Drake. The face of Drake in this group is also like the face in No. 24; but Mytens has rounded it somewhat, thus making it

less stern; but if the dates in these two pictures be correct, then Mytens has copied them. There is one picture of Drake, a fair painting, that, although lent by the Plymouth Institution, is palpably no portrait at all. It is a totally different face to any of the older portraits, and with fair hair instead of dark, and a full rich beard instead of a sparse one.

The portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh are not so numerous, but a curious confirmation of the genuineness of one of the swords sent in as having belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh was given by the painting sent from Greenwich by the Lords of the Admiralty. This painting, after the original at Longleat by Zuccheri, has a sword which tallied exactly with No. 98, sent in by a Mr. Fouracre of Stonehouse, and modestly described as "said to have originally belonged to Sir W. Raleigh"; traces of the gilding are still visible in the hilt. Amongst the portraits lent by the Plymouth Corporation are two of exceptional interest, although not of much artistic merit. The one of Sir John Hawkins at the age of seventy-four, with sunken cheeks and high bony forehead, the grey locks still curling over it. The other (No. 49) of Drake, with this quaint inscription:—

Sir Drake, whome well worlds ends knowe,
Which thou dost compass rounde,
And whome both poles of heaven has saw,
Which North and South do bounde.
The Stars above will make thee known
If men here silent were.
The sun himself cannot forgett
His fellow Traveller.
Great Drake, whose Shippe about the worlds wide wast
In three years did a golden girdle east (? east),
Who with fresh streams refresh this toun that first
Though kist with waters yet did pine for thirst,
Who, both a pilott and a magistrate,
Steered in his turne the shippe of Plymouth State.
This little table shows his face, whose worth
The worlds wide table hardly can sett forth.

The collection of arms of the sixteenth century, and the old chests, are some of them highly valuable and authentic, such as the arms chest, No. 124, with concealed lock in the lid; and No. 36, the Custom-house chest of Weymouth, taken from the *Santa Anna* of the Armada. Many owners of genuine snuff-boxes that were the especial property of Sir Francis Drake will be disappointed at the result of this little Exhibition. No less than nine such snuff-boxes were sent in, all bearing the name and arms of Drake, and their owners all believing they possessed the veritable snuff-box, of course of priceless value. One owner, however, was not so sanguine of the uniqueness of his box, but believed it was one of a lot Drake had made to present to each of his crew. The name of the maker, O'Briesset, appears on some, and O'B on others. A highly important volume, that has been lent by Mr. F. J. I. Foljambe, and is said never to have been printed, but was found amongst a lot of papers that had lain untouched for a hundred years, is an "Official Muster-Roll of the forces by Land and sea for defence against the Armada," &c. It is a MS. of a goodly number of folios; and gives valuable details of arms and ships, men and horses, and "further contains some very curious charges of malversation and other wrongs committed by the officers." There are numerous MSS., parchments, and documents, and books that should be carefully gone over and examined, and copies taken before this Exhibition is dispersed. The famous Astrolabe of Drake has a special stand for itself in the centre of the Exhibition. The collection of coins and medals is, though small, valuable and interesting; and the copies of maps and plates, and the electrotypes of the British Museum Medal, give a completeness to a collection that, small though it is, and yet there are some five hundred objects displayed, should attract visitors from all parts of England. The banquet that finished the principal day's proceedings at Plymouth was a curious instance of how, in spite of all energetic exertions, matters will sometimes go wrong. The Committee could not foresee that nearly all the speakers would pitch their speeches in a tone, and in mood and manner and length, more suited to the conventicle than to a jovial banquet commemorating a glorious naval victory; but so it was; and, with the exception of the soldierly speech of General Lyons, and the witticism of Mr. Augustus Harris as to the warmth with which Plymouth men generally received their visitors, there was hardly a ray of brightness that brightened the gloom of the assembly; but the Committee made amends for this by laying invitations on the table for the visitors to join the H. A. C. in an excursion around the whole of the port on the following morning. This excursion gave the visitors an excellent opportunity of seeing, under a warm, sunlit sky, all the historic points of the harbour, and it also enabled one to note how the site chosen for the Memorial will look from the Sound. It forms the apex of a triangle, the base being formed by the Drake statue and the old Eddystone Lighthouse; and to ships coming into the Sound will be a notable addition to the interest of the Hoe. Up past the Barbican, from whence embarked the Plymouth Fathers, went the steamer, the band of the H. A. C. re-echoing from the Citadel's walls. Then up the Cattewater, where lay the ships ere they were warped out to Cawsand Bay in 1588. Past Mount Batten, where Charles's men were posted in the following century; running past the *Sumbeam*, that was lying in the harbour ere stretching out for the point of Bovisand and the Breakwater. Then steered the steamer across the harbour and Cawsand Bay was pointed out, and the Beacon Tower on the height above Penlee Point, from whence the Armada was sighted, and so up the

Hamoaze, where lay types of the British navy, from the old three-decker to the turret-ship and torpedo-boat. As an instance of how much more money we have to waste now than in Drake's days, the great naval barracks that, though finished three years ago, have never been used, were pointed out; and, running up beneath the Saltash Bridge, the boat turned and steered back for the Hoe around the Mount Edgecumbe training-ship and the *Royal Adelaide* flag-ship, the H. A. C. saluting both the boys of the former and the officers of the latter with their peculiar H. A. C. "fire." No more fitting pleasure could have been given to her visitors by Plymouth than this run round all the points that shine out luminously in her history; and, as they congratulated themselves upon their fortune in seeing these spots under such favourable circumstances, so Plymouth may congratulate herself upon the fact that, in spite of domestic dissensions, the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Spanish Armada has been successfully carried out, and has given pleasure to the many thousands who flocked into her walls during the past week. The Exhibition should still attract many more thousands ere it closes.

"GOOD-BYE, DARLING!"

THE discussion was continued by . . . Mr. Darling, who was greeted with a cry of 'Good-bye, Darling!' by departing members." So writes (with considerable fairness of mind in the discharge of his duties) the Parliamentary chronicler of the *Daily News* on Wednesday last, and he adds that, as is hardly surprising, "this innovation in debate was sternly rebuked by the Speaker." "Innovation" is a happy word, and does the reporter much credit. "What innovation it makes," in the phrase of Cassio, that crafty qualification of Gladstonian Parnellism! and how pleasing is the study of its progress in moulding the nobler manners of a democratic assembly! After Mr. Conybeare the innumerate members who observed "Good-bye, Darling!" and after them, who knows what? Neither let any one remind us of the cock-crowings, and the "beastly bellowings," and so forth, of our fathers and grandfathers. For, to begin with, our fathers were sometimes, and our grandfathers nearly always, in the original state of "innovation" when they did these things; and, secondly, unmannerliness at that time had the double excuse, first, that the ways of the time were boisterous generally, and, secondly, that the unmannerly person wittingly exposed himself to the chance of looking down a pistol-barrel at twelve paces. Our Conybeares, and our British-Irish tag-rag generally, are in happier case. Mr. Conybeare has formulated imperishably the Gladstonian theory of withdrawal, which will enable all but persons as clumsy as himself to avoid even Parliamentary punishment. The duel is not; and, according to Mr. Hunter, "people outside" are not careful of the choice of words, or, in other language, they like Billingsgate and impertinence. There is at least the consideration that when the time for which Sir George Trevelyan pants, and which Mr. Gladstone does not view with aversion, comes—the time of payment of members—it will not be necessary to take into account a certain well-known extra in the education of a Parliament-man. Manners are clearly not necessities any more than gold latchkeys.

It might, however, be an interesting subject of consideration whether the conduct of the honourable and playful gentlemen who expended their wit upon Mr. Darling's name (a kind of jesting which Izaak Walton might have bracketed with the other two kinds which he dismissed as scarcely worthy of admiration) was more edifying than other amenities of what may perhaps be known henceforward as the "Good-bye, Darling!" debate. Of the various improvements which have come from the opening up of the great heart of the English people to the other great heart of the Irish people, the use of abusive language, as if it were argument, is one of the most interesting. In Irishmen's mouths it means, of course, very little. Thackeray's immortal Irish gentleman who confided to all his friends the shocking actions of his beloved sister Anna Maroin, of his uncles, his brothers, and his family generally, being all the time on the best possible terms of real affection with these monsters, belonged, no doubt, to a happier time—a time before the poison of Irish-Americanism had changed native Irish blood into gall. But his little ways still survive; and we are by no means certain that when an Irish member of the less base sort, say Mr. Healy, expresses in language which, if Irish were Hebrew, might attain to the dignity, and even as it goes near to the violence, of Ezekiel and Jeremiah, his opinion of Mr. Balfour, it means much more than that Mr. Balfour has at this moment the right and Mr. Healy the wrong end of the stick. But, somehow or other, neither Scotchmen nor Englishmen have ever learnt to use this kind of lingo without bad effects, and the Gladstonian variety of Scotchmen and Englishmen has begun to use it very freely indeed. From a single article in a Scotch Gladstonian newspaper we learn that Mr. W. H. Smith is a "low-comedy Jesuit," that "his airiest dishonesties are as tangible as his person," and that he is given (who would have thought it?) to "below-stairs badinage." Mr. Chamberlain, on the same authority, has "a much subtler faculty of prevarication" and "a far better cultivated gift of dissembling"; he is "a demoralized politician, who does not speak the truth." The *Times* has "a foul armoury of forged letters" and is "a pirate pilot." In Irish mouths and to Irish ears all this simply

means "I don't agree with you," though it is open to contention that even in Ireland the readiness to resort to *voies de fait* is not wholly unconnected with the use of this kind of tongue-fence or tongue-bludgeonery. But in East-Britain, North and South, the thing is by no means unlikely to be much more mischievous. The still prevailing belief or delusion among us that when men say things they mean them induces the foolish to swallow something of the charges thus flung about; while, on the other hand, few English or Scottish ears have lost the faculty of burning a little, and of transmitting certain automatic motions to the fist or the boot, when their owners hear themselves described in such terms.

The most mischievous, as it is the most disgraceful, instance of this Gladstonian Billingsgate is the persistent abuse of the Attorney-General, to which, with the single exception of Mr. Gladstone himself, all Gladstonians resort, and to which not a few of them who ought to have known better resorted in this very debate. Among lawyers who are men of the world and men of the world who, if not lawyers, know what they are speaking of, there can simply be no shadow of blame attached to Sir Richard Webster's conduct of the case of *O'Donnell v. Walter*. It is, of course, quite arguable that a Law Officer of the Crown should during his tenure of office refuse all private practice whatever; but it need hardly be said that that is not the tradition of the English Bar. Therefore there could be no reason why Sir Richard Webster should refuse this or any other brief, save one against the Government. As for his conduct of the case, it is enough to repeat that it was distinctly approved by the Lord Chief Justice, of whom the most daring Separatist would hardly say that he is a Tory or an anti-Gladstonian. We say nothing now of the impotent fury of Gladstonian newspapers, naturally annoyed at the fresh and forcible urging of what they have been trying for months to represent to the public mind as a mere exploded tissue of valueless hearsay. But we turn to the debate itself, and what do we find? Of Mr. Parnell we say nothing; he had doubtless very good reasons for wrath. Mr. Gladstone misrepresented, but that again is nothing. 'Tis his vocation, and he did it in decent language. But where is the decency of Sir Charles Russell? It has been said, and has not been denied, that he and Mr. Lockwood, with very doubtful professional correctness, practically guided Mr. O'Donnell's counsel in the course which in its turn necessitated Sir Richard Webster's. And, though Sir Charles Russell was moderate enough (doubtless for cause) in his attack on the Attorney-General, every one who is not absolutely blinded by party spirit can see its malevolence, its unfairness, and, in the peculiar circumstances, its extreme indecency. When we get to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Lockwood, the excuse of moderation of language ceases. Sir William, of course, is not a lawyer, except professionally, but he has been Solicitor-General. He began by designating the speech of his successor in that office (who happens to be a lawyer as well as a Law Officer) as "miserable special pleading." Then he (this ex-Law Officer) said that it was the duty of the Attorney-General to indict in his public capacity certain persons on certain charges which Sir Richard Webster had had to make as a counsel learned in the law defending private persons. Then he proceeded to make an elaborate attack on Mr. Attorney-General. We have not always sympathized with Lord Coleridge's views; but when he, the Lord Chief Justice of England, says that a certain lawyer's conduct is all that it should be, and Sir William Harcourt says that it is "extraordinary and unjustifiable," we feel pretty happy in ranging ourselves not on Sir William's side.

But this was not the end. The Solicitor-General for Scotland, having shown that a Solicitor-General may be witty and know law, as well as fail to be witty and know none, challenged "any lawyer" to back Sir William. In a way, no doubt, it does Mr. Lockwood credit that he took the challenge up. Sir Bruse sans Pitié cannot decently refuse to try and get Sir Turpine out of trouble, but we don't think much better of him for the effort. And it seems that Mr. Lockwood (who is popularly supposed to be the other learned person who lured Mr. O'Donnell to his doom) was only actuated by "personal regard" for the Attorney-General in trying to make out that the Attorney-General is, as the *Daily News*, with at least some honesty, remarks, guilty of "a public scandal." And so he proceeded with, as the Attorney-General afterwards said in his crushing speech, "the virulent and extraordinary charges made by some who have called themselves my friends."

Now, does anybody believe that even the professional jealousy of rival lawyers could have availed itself of such an opportunity if there had not been a notable decline in the sense of Parliamentary decency? No doubt Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Lockwood have only done themselves harm in the eyes even of such of their own side as retain the faculty of judgment; as for Sir William Harcourt, he is in that happy position that he can do himself neither harm nor good. He may say, in a different sense, "Je suis ni roi ni duc aussi; je suis le sire de Coucy." But just as Mr. Conybeare goes on that outside opinion which is not "careful of niceties of language," just as the unnamed persons revenge themselves for the bitterness of the Deptford defeat by crying "Good-bye, Darling!" so Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Lockwood have thrown away professional decency to play to the gallery—the Home Rule gallery, which may some day have the blessed power of making them Law Officers in their turn; and so they (in Mr. Lockwood's case) assure their dear

friend publicly that, though he is their dear friend, he ought (or words to that effect) to be disbarred. We have been accustomed to lawyers on the two sides carrying merely political rancour pretty far—it is “the way of the Bradys.” We have been accustomed to their hinting that their dear and learned friends know nothing about law; that is natural. But, as a rule, they have at least respected each other's professional honour. After all, perhaps, there is a more cheerful explanation. It may be, in the case of the two distinguished persons just referred to, that a sense of having pretty well cracked their own professional reputations already was at the bottom of their determination, if possible, to crack some one else's.

THE DOLPHIN AND THE TUNNY.

THE word “tunny” has been derived from a Greek word, which means “to rush violently forward.” It does not appear that the tunny has really a greater faculty for rushing forward than any other fish of the sea. But its bulk (it grows to ten and eleven hundredweight sometimes) gives impressive emphasis to its movements when it is caught in the nets by the Levantine fishermen, and so the meaning has come to have a more peculiar significance in its case. There is a curious similarity between the taking of tunny in the Mediterranean and that of the bottle-nosed whales or dolphins of the North Seas. On the coasts of Norway, Iceland, Faroe, and even Shetland, Orkney, and the Hebrides, these bottle-nosed whales (which on an average are of equal size to the tunny) are captured in herds of hundreds just as the tunny are. But, unlike the tunny, they are not caught by the aid of nets. They are surrounded, or rather semi-encircled, while yet out at sea, by the bold and keen-eyed Northern fishermen in their sturdy boats, and with great patience, toil, and endurance urged shorewards to a place where the sloping beach facilitates a slaughter. Even then the odds are not all against the fish, as they certainly are against the tunny when once this is in the death chamber of the tunny net. A little extra fright, or a thought more wit than most fish are capable of, may send one of the Northern monsters seawards again, despite the ring of boats and the tumult which is designed to frighten the dolphins to their self-destruction. A determined rush will most assuredly secure his salvation. It may do much more. For with the dolphins, as with the tunny, the leader is of prime influence. If one goes, all will make an effort also to go. Thus it has often happened in the North Seas that, after a hard pursuit for hours, and an eventual “drive” close to the land, these whales have taken a sudden turn away, and evaded their death.

Not so with the tunny. The snare is set for them, and they go to their doom when they enter it. The net is an immense affair. There is no other net in the world of fishermen to compare with it. It extends for two miles in one direction and as much as a quarter of a mile in the actual chamber part. This latter is divided into a certain number of apartments; five or seven, according to custom, through which the fish glide to the final apartment of all, whence they never escape. The master of the fishery moves to and fro in a little boat over the surface of this great snare, watching his victims in the clear water five and ten fathoms below him, serenely unconscious of their fate. He counts the fish as they go by, and, when he deems the number sufficient, gives his subordinate fishermen a signal to come and take the prey that is ready for them.

The tunny fishery season in the Mediterranean lasts during the end of spring and beginning of summer only. May and June are the chief months. The fish are then either going east to the Black Sea to spawn or returning thence. They move, say the naturalists, in large troops formed into wedged-shaped battalions. When they have their young with them, these are set in the van of the herd. And as the fish have the instinct to utilize the tidal or wind force of the water, they offer their broad base to the wind or the tide so that the whole mass may be to some extent impelled without material individual exertion.

It is these rich travelling herds of tunny that the tunny fishers bid for in the spring. The net not seldom receives a visit from a thousand of the fish at a time. The pointed van has no difficulty in entering the chamber of palmetto and other grass which is, with great art and strength, prepared for them. The rest follow, and the Rais or manager, in his little boat rolling this way and that, overhead watches them with chuckles of self-interest, urges them on their way to the death chamber, and reckons the worth of this delightful visit for himself and his masters. In the north, when the dolphins are reluctant or tardy in moving upon the strand where they are to be stabbed to death, the boatmen throw stones into the water behind them or knock bits of metal together under the water. Thus they frighten them forward. Similarly the Rais, when he finds that the tunny idle in the other chambers of the Madraga (or net as a whole) instead of moving on towards the death chamber, lowers a stone with some white skin or cotton stuff attached to it. This phantom shape he drags about behind the tunny, whom it seems to remind of their famous enemy the sword-fish, who is blanched in complexion like the scare, and before it they speed through the water in the direction whither the Rais would have them to go.

And now let us see how the tragedy is brought to its last act in a tunny-killing. Obvious it is no light task to put to death hundreds of strong creatures each two or three times the

bulk of an average man. In fact, an army of slaughterers is needed for the work. They are all on shore at the disposal of the Rais and their employers. And no sooner is the signal out at sea over the Madraga perceived than with much riot they crowd into their boats, attach thereto a couple of big shallow hulks to receive the bodies of their victims, and pull songfully towards the Rais. The joy of these slaughtermen is not excessive for the kind of work they have to do. They are employed not only in actual bloodshedding, but in the muscular exercise of pulling in the net which contains the fish, in charging the hulks with the great bodies of the fish, and afterwards in their dissection and final preparation for the market. For all this they get from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d. a day apiece, though to this must be added certain perquisites which to the common eye would seem worth rather less than nothing.

When the men get out to the Madraga the Rais directs them into battle form. The fleet is set in a square, and all hands are put at the net. This has to be gathered in until the big tunny are brought to the surface. The weight is, of course, prodigious. There may be a thousand fish at three or four hundred pounds each, or there may be but four or five hundred fish. To support this strain the net has to be of peculiar strength—of hemp, very closely woven. However, whatever luck the day is to bring forth, the net comes in by degrees, amid the shouting of the workers and the encouraging words of the Rais in his boat in the middle of the square.

When the fish, by the narrowing of their quarters, are at last forced to show themselves above the water in the square, the enthusiasm of the slaughterers cannot be held in bounds. They gesticulate and grip each other by the arms or shoulders, and behave altogether as one might suppose an ancient blood-debauched Roman of amphitheatrical times used to behave. And in this mood, when the net is sufficiently shallowed and the sea beneath them is eddied and befoamed by the excited movements of the doomed tunny, the men take up the *crocchi* with which they are to deal death to the right and left. These *crocchi* are long poles and short poles, armed at the extremity with a short iron hook. This hook they thrust into the tunny and use as a lever to pull the fish over the side of the hulks which I have already mentioned, and which the slaughterers line as closely as their numbers will allow. It is really a most interesting scene during this brief interval between the end of the net-dragging and the beginning of the slaughter. There are the tunny rushing about in their close quarters, clashing with each other, bleeding each other by the blows of their great tails and the razorlike strokes of their sharp fins. And the sea boils with their agitation and rises in fountains of spray on all sides. It is imperative to witness a tunny-slaughter in oil-skins, not only because of the water, but because of the blood also.

This is again worth comparing with the dolphin slaughters in the North. The Northmen, when they have successfully got their herd shelved and helpless on a sandy bay, row into the midst of them with long knives and harpoons. With these they gash the fish in all directions; so that here also the blood spouts high in the air, and the sea is encrimsoned. Other men from the land enter the sea, even up to their necks, and fasten hooks to the dead and dying dolphins; and, risking blows that might well be fatal from the tortured victims, thus drag them ashore. The Northern slaughter is the more primitive; whereas a tunny fishery and killing in all its stages is suggestive of the working of strong intelligence upon long experience. And it is the same in the subsequent disposition of the dead bodies of the fish. No sooner is the slaughter of the tunny accomplished than the spoil is transported shorewards. This is a laborious spell of work if there is no steam-tug attached to the factory, especially for men who have for the last hour and a half been straining every nerve. But it is done as soon as possible. Here on shore in the factory are the various appliances for cutting up the fish, cleansing, cooking, and potting them. So that in a very few hours nothing of the tunny remains unpacked for foreign consumption except the refuse entrails and bones which litter the coast. But in the North science has in no measure come to the assistance of the fishermen and their booty. There one sees no factory. There a slaughter of dolphins involves a very intricate after-division of the spoil, instead of being for the exclusive profit of the capitalist. The dead fish are all drawn up on shore, numbered, and their weight roughly estimated by an appraiser. The shares are then apportioned by this appraiser—to the Church, to the owner of the land upon which the dolphins came to their end, to the Crown, and, lastly, to each boat and each individual that engaged in the work. Every participant receives what is reckoned by the appraiser to be his due. The fish are then again set upon by the knives of the people. They are skinned, the precious blubber is stripped off, and, finally, the meat itself is cut from the framework of bones. The various householders of the district engage their children in the transport to their houses of the great chunks of flesh. The boatmen from other parts convey their shares into their boats, piling it high, and heaping the bones on the top of the meat. These different owners are in all cases also the consumers of the spoil. They eat the dolphin fresh, lightly broiled, or dried by suspending it for months at a time outside their houses from the eaves.

As spectacles, a dolphin-killing and a tunny-killing are equally sensational. But the latter is the more methodical and, I think, the more picturesque.

AN ADELPHI MELODRAMA.

MELODRAMAS follow and resemble each other. This form of stage play is, in fact, the only recognized survival of the old style of piece in which certain well-defined personages were invariably required to fill familiar characters. There was in every company a "leading man" and a "leading lady," a "light comedian," a "villain," an "old man," a "low comedian," an "old woman," a "chambermaid"—all theatrical chambermaids were pert, and as piquant as their representatives could make them—together with a few others; and when a play was written it was understood that occupation would be found for performers whose "lines of business," as the phrase went, were thus marked out. There is much more makebelieve in melodrama than in any other variety of theatrical entertainment; but the length of time during which these Adelphi pieces successively occupy the boards shows that the supply of unsophisticated audiences is large. Every man, woman, and child who sees the hero and heroine in the first act happy in themselves and devoted to each other knows that undeserved and unrelenting persecution is their inevitable lot; that, if they live happily throughout the second act the toils of their iniquitous oppressors will close round them in the third, that they will be overwhelmed by black clouds till somewhere in the fifth act the silver lining becomes visible; after which virtue will triumph and vice be taken off to gaol. The spectator may not know precisely what will happen, but he can infallibly foretell the general nature of occurrences. A sweet credulity must distinguish playgoers who are able to excite themselves with melodrama. In the new Adelphi piece, *The Union Jack*, for example, a ship is lying at anchor off an English port. The hero, Jack Medway, a sailor, is being tried by court-martial for striking a superior officer, who has seduced Jack's sister; and we are requested by Messrs. Pettitt and Grundy, the authors, to suppose it possible that Medway, after a severe struggle with his guards, could have got free, jumped over the side into the sea, swum ashore, and so escaped. The vessel must have been some half-mile from the shore, and, encumbered by his clothes, Medway could not have landed under something like twenty minutes (the best time for a mile in clothes recorded by a professional swimmer is, we believe, more than a minute over the half-hour). Would it have been impossible to launch a boat and overtake the fugitive, or to signal to the shore? Of such episodes is melodrama composed. We do not purpose to detail the absurdities which are to be found in *The Union Jack*. The sailor's escape is only one of a great many; but to inquire into anything of this sort would be to inquire too curiously. All melodramatic heroes are charged with a murder which they did not commit—it is the law of their being. Medway is accused of murdering an army contractor who is the guardian of the heroine; but it is, of course, the villain of the play—the other villain; the army contractor is one—who slaughters his foe, and it need scarcely be added that the fell deed is witnessed by some one (his ward) who turns up to bear testimony at the critical moment.

Is it essential that melodrama should always be so childish? *The Silver King* some few years ago seemed to be a departure from the beaten track—notwithstanding that therein, as usual, the hero was supposed to have committed the usual murder. But playwrights have relapsed to their old ways; the old tale is told in the old fashion. The performers at the Adelphi fit the accustomed grooves suitably enough. Mr. Terriss does not, indeed, convey the impression of feeling very sincerely the words he has to speak. He is bold and blustering, but, as it seems to us, goes through the routine of the part in a somewhat perfunctory manner. It is probably fatiguing to utter the noblest sentiments in commonplace language night after night for a few years and twice on Saturdays, denounce villany, and exhibit convincing joy when all comes right in the end. Perhaps Mr. Terriss remembers the days when he was at the Lyceum Theatre really practising his art. Mr. Cartwright has a cold hard style which makes him a suitable representative of rascality. There is little subtlety or finesse about him, but he scowls and mutters in the way which is now approved—modern Adelphi audiences prefer their villains with just a superficial polish of politeness—and utters a good lusty shriek when he is stabbed to the heart. The best opportunities for acting are given to the ladies. We really think that Miss Millward, as Ethel Arden, one of the wards, might have made some of the scenes in which she figures impressive had she possessed more skill and strength. Ethel has to fly through a dense snowstorm along almost impassable lanes, pursued by enemies of her own household; but she never makes us forget the entirely artificial nature of the whole affair. Miss Olga Nethersole, as the hero's afflicted sister Ruth Medway, does better work relatively, and the comic couple—a sailor and a country girl—find spirited exponents in Mr. Shine and Miss Jecks. The scenes are very well painted. Interiors are not much better furnished than they were in the old days, when the guests who filled them—the famous Adelphi guests—caused wonder and delight to all beholders; but the exteriors are creditable to the artists, who also show great ingenuity in making their scenes fold and slide and double over into something else.

TEN YEARS OF CHOLERA IN CALCUTTA.

THE fortunes of the Calcutta municipality have on several accounts a more than local interest. In the first place, Calcutta is situated in the precise centre of the tract of country known in India as the "endemic cholera area." In this, from some unlucky conjuncture of favourable circumstances, the conditions necessary for the propagation of cholera are always present. While in the rest of the country cholera is an intermittent visitor, in Calcutta and for a hundred miles around it in every direction cholera is perennially active, and from this starting-point the great epidemics which from time to time travel westward to the other provinces of India, to Persia, Egypt, and Europe, invariably commence their career of devastation. In the next place, Calcutta, as being conventionally the capital of the Empire and actually the residence for several months of the year of the Viceroy and his Council and of the local Governments, having a large educated population, an influential Bar, an active press, and a considerable European element, is foremost among Indian municipalities; we may here hope to see the system of local self-government working more efficiently and advantageously than in less advanced communities; and we are thus able to ascertain the highest level of usefulness which, under the general social conditions of India, it is capable of attaining. In the third place, Calcutta stands alone among Indian cities in the fact that seventeen years ago it was furnished with the two main instruments of sanitation—namely, an efficient system of sewerage, and a supply of pure water. Both systems have been largely developed since their initiation in 1870, and Calcutta is now permeated in every quarter by sewers; and nine or ten millions of gallons of filtered water are supplied daily for the consumption of the inhabitants, besides several millions of gallons of unfiltered water for watering, flushing, and other like purposes. The effect of these great reforms on the public health is a question of the highest interest and importance, as every city in India, with the exception of Bombay, has still to deal with the evils which they are especially designed to counteract. Lastly, Calcutta is remarkable for the circumstance that in it alone among Indian municipalities the public health is watched, and the guardians of the public health are advised by a scientific European expert, practically familiar with sanitation as carried out, of late years, in the great cities of England. A year or two ago the Commissioners had the good sense to invite Dr. Simpson, then in charge of a great Scotch municipality, to go out to India as their Health Officer, and he has now recorded the impressions which his first year's experience has left on his mind, and the results which, in his opinion, the history of cholera for the last decade in Calcutta is calculated to establish. Exceptional interest attaches to the conclusions arrived at by so competent an authority, studying Indian phenomena in the light of European experience, and without any of the local prejudices or prepossessions which beset every official hierarchy, and which, even when they do not influence the judgment of the scientific inquirer, not unjustly lead the critical public to receive his inferences with suspicion and incredulity.

The history of cholera in Calcutta has been remarkable and, in one sense, disappointing. Contemporaneously with the introduction of pure water and efficient drainage, cholera mortality fell from an annual average ratio of 8 per mille to an average ratio, for the next 5 years, of less than 3 per mille. At this point, however, the improvement stopped. The quinquennium 1876-80, notwithstanding a very favourable year in 1880, showed a higher average ratio, and in the quinquennium 1881-86 there was a still more marked intensity of cholera, the average ratio of mortality from that disease rising as high as 4.5 per mille. This result is surprising in the face of the generally-accepted view that no disease is more amenable than cholera to sanitary improvements. It might be explained by the influence of some favourable climatic condition; but here we are met by the startling circumstance that two neighbouring municipalities—the "Suburbs" of Calcutta and the town of Howrah—"did not suffer during the last quinquennium with proportionately the same intensity as Calcutta." Both have a higher normal cholera mortality than Calcutta; but, comparing the quinquennium 1870-74 with 1880-84, the increase has been more noticeable in Calcutta than in these places; its relative superiority has thus diminished. The explanation of this Dr. Simpson considers to be that "the favouring climatic agencies, whatever they may be, found in Calcutta during the last six years some weak point or points which rendered the town more vulnerable to cholera prevalence than it had been since 1870, and which caused it, when compared with previous years, to approximate relatively to the death-rate of Howrah and the suburbs." Moreover, the cholera mortality in Calcutta in several recent years, notably 1882 and 1884, was considerably higher than that of any year since 1869, an increase which has not been rivalled in either of the adjoining localities.

What, then, are the weak points to which this serious recrudescence must be attributed? In considering them Dr. Simpson ascertained that the increase has not been general, but has occurred year after year in certain clearly defined localities, while places in the immediate neighbourhood have enjoyed complete immunity. Assuming, therefore, "that some meteorological conditions favourable to the promotion of cholera existed, and that for a series of years some peculiar combination of electrical, chemical, astronomical, telluric, cyclonic, and other agencies were present which were formerly absent," the explanation of their especial efficacy in certain spots had still to be sought. Some special local cause had

been, it was evident, at work, as well as the general predisposing influence. These special causes were very easily discovered. In the first place, owing to an increased demand in other parts of the town, and imperfect arrangements for distribution, the water-supply to certain localities had of late years undergone serious deterioration. This drove the poorer inhabitants to resort either to water carried by the native water-carriers in receptacles of questionable cleanliness, or to the tanks and wells, the contents of which are often very little better than sewage. Impure water is invariably a powerful instrument both in preparing the classes who use it for the reception of epidemic disease and, in the case of cholera, for its actual conveyance from one victim to another; and the experience of Calcutta has supplied irresistible evidence of its efficacy in both these directions. That such a result should have been possible while ten million gallons per diem are available in Calcutta for a population of less than half a million is a striking instance of the mismanagement of which Indian municipal bodies are capable when they are left without definite official superintendence and control. The Government will, we presume, at once interfere to insist peremptorily on proper distribution of the water, and such addition to the supply and economy in its use as will secure a sufficiency for drinking purposes to every class of the population.

Another "weak point" which the Health Officer brought to light was the impure condition into which many of the sewers had been allowed to lapse. All sanitarians are agreed as to the imperative necessity of vigilant precautions for the cleansing and ventilation of sewers. These precautions are, the Health Officer points out, still more essential in India than they are in Europe; but in Calcutta they appear to have been, to a very large extent, neglected, and the sewers have thus become in many parts of the city "a fruitful source of disease." The third weak point on which the Health Officer insists is that "the present conservancy and nuisance arrangements allowed by the Commissioners are altogether inefficient for a city of the size of Calcutta, and totally inadequate to cope with the ordinary requirement of filth removal. To one accustomed to the cleanliness of a European town the filth found in all but the principal streets is simply appalling." On this point it appears that the municipality has preferred to follow its own traditions rather than the advice of its Health Officer. For years the same complaint has been uttered by every authority who has had to deal with Calcutta sanitation, and in every instance the result has been that the warnings of science have been silenced by ignorance, indifference, or short-sighted economy. The result is that Calcutta remains the focus of cholera prevalence, and that, so far as the statistics of the two last decades show, the epidemic has a very marked tendency toward intensified prevalence. Since 1881 more than 24,000 lives have been sacrificed in Calcutta and its suburbs to this single cause, and the facts urged by the Health Officer give little to hope that, as matters now stand, any permanent improvement will be effected. The causes of the evil are perfectly understood. They have been for many years past insisted upon by local and supreme Governments in India and the Army Sanitary Commission in this country. The latter body, in their last Memorandum, dwell with grave disapproval on the refusal of the municipality to comply with the requisition of the Supreme Government that it should fully utilize its powers of taxation till the well-ascertained causes of disease had been removed; and they urge the Commissioners to remember that public opinion will not allow the Government of India to go on much longer leaving the sanitary condition of every city in the deplorable condition which now prevails, and that they may be compelled by superior authority to fulfil their duties to their fellow citizens.

We have dwelt at length on the course of cholera in Calcutta, because it forms a characteristic item, though a small one, in the general sanitary question in India. The Army Sanitary Commission in its recently published Memorandum has drawn a really appalling description of the condition of the country as regards the public health, of the vast devastation effected by the epidemics which sweep across a defenceless population, and the total inadequacy of the present arrangements to meet the necessities of the case. Something, they say, has been effected in municipalities; but these contain only one and a half million of inhabitants. But the country at large is practically untouched. "It is impossible," say the Commissioners, "to escape the conclusion that the vast civil population is decimated by epidemics simply because nothing effectual has been done to root out their causes." They urge that the work to be done is very great, that its difficulty increases with every year, and that "we now know by ample experience that it cannot be done by present methods." They refer to the "altogether deplorable record" of thirty-eight millions of deaths, which during the last decade have been occasioned in India by "diseases which belong to the mitigable or preventable order," which in other countries have been either altogether eliminated or reduced to insignificant proportions; and they point out that the registered mortality from fever represents, on the well-recognized proportion of disease to death, "in fever attacks several times over the entire population of India, and all the loss of working power which fever attacks entail." Statements such as these, emanating not from a body of sentimentalists or fanatics, but from a body of experienced officials and men of science, cannot be officially ignored. With respect to cholera, as Sir Douglas Galton pointed out recently at the Society of Arts, the unchecked prevalence of that disease in India places the English Government in the embarrassing and illogical position of having secured immunity at home

by sanitary precautions, while India continues the headquarters and starting-point of epidemics which threaten the rest of the world. The troublesome question of quarantine will fall to the ground when Indian ports cease to be centres of infection. The attention directed to the subject at the recent Hygienic Congress at Vienna is likely to be productive of results. The Government of India is said to be contemplating a general move forward all along the line; and, for the credit of the Indian Administration, no less than the well-being of Indian communities, it is to be hoped that the projected changes will be thorough, courageous, and effectual. At present, one of the great functions of governments would appear in India to remain unattempted.

FOREIGN ISSUES AND THE MONEY MARKET.

IN the first half of the current year foreign and colonial Governments and municipalities, and foreign, colonial, and Indian railways, applied to the London market for sums exceeding in the aggregate 80 millions sterling, exclusive of the two Panama issues, amounting together to about 36 millions sterling. It is true that several of these issues were brought out at a discount. It is true also that some of them were not subscribed for. And, lastly, it is true that some of them were offered abroad as well as in London. Therefore the actual amount raised in the market during the six months was considerably under 80 millions sterling. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that borrowing and issuing have been going on very rapidly during the current month, and that ever since the beginning of the year there have been large investments abroad by private persons and private firms; while considerable amounts also have been lent to banks and financial Companies on deposit for specified times. Probably, therefore, the total amount advanced by this country in one form or another to other countries since the beginning of the year is not very much less than the 80 millions mentioned above. As the subscribers to the various issues referred to have undertaken to pay in cash, either immediately or by instalments, the sums for which they subscribed to borrowers or Companies resident abroad, it would seem at first sight that these immense issues must lead to a great drain of gold from this country. As a matter of fact, we find that there has been no considerable drain. Large amounts of gold have gone to Germany, on account of which country the issues have been inconsiderable. A very considerable sum has also gone to Buenos Ayres. But, with these exceptions, more gold has been received than sent away from this country. The explanation, of course, is that usually the money subscribed, whether to loans or to Company issues, is paid by instalment, and that as yet money subscribed since the beginning of the year has only partially fallen due. Further, the foreign and colonial borrowers generally have raised considerable sums in this market formerly. They have, therefore, to pay considerable amounts annually in the shape of interest, and very often they find it necessary to borrow from their agents in London for the purpose of defraying this interest. They thus incur a floating debt, which every now and then is funded by means of a public loan. In reality, therefore, a considerable proportion of the foreign and colonial loans issued here from time to time are intended to repay advances which have been made by the financial agents in London of the borrowing Governments; and, consequently, those Governments are not free to take the money out of the country. In addition to all this, the money raised for the purpose of industrial investment is in large part expended in this country for materials. In all these ways so considerable a proportion of the moneys raised has to be paid over to persons resident in this country that the amount remaining for actual export is comparatively small.

Still there is a proportion of all the issues actually at the disposal of the foreign and colonial Governments or Companies. And in one shape or another this proportion is taken out of the country. It is desirable where possible to avoid actually shipping gold, that being a costly business. Consequently, it is employed where it can profitably be done in buying bills here in London upon the countries to which the moneys have to be paid. Suppose, for example, that one of the Australian Governments borrows here in London. From the same colony there is a stream of gold usually flowing to London. It is as good for the borrowing Government to obtain an order for the gold which otherwise would be shipped to London as to take gold from London itself and remit it home. In this way freight, commission, and insurance are saved. But it is obvious that it comes very much to the same thing in the long run, so far as the money market is concerned, whether gold is taken from London for the purpose of these issues, or whether gold which is on its way to London is kept abroad. In either case the London money market is poorer by the amount of that proportion of the loan which is at the free disposal of the borrower. It is evident, then, that the large foreign issues of all kinds which are coming out almost daily in this market must actually reduce the amount of gold in the London market, and therefore must tend to raise the rates of interest and discount. As our readers are aware, the amount of gold held by the Bank of England has for years past been dangerously small. All the other great banks of the world have been strengthening themselves, but the Bank of England has been growing rather poorer than richer. And yet the Bank of England is under engagements from which other

banks are free. It is the first to bear every great drain, and it has not the means of protecting itself which are possessed, for example, by the Bank of France and the Bank of Germany. Either, then, as the instalments for these foreign issues fall due in the remaining five months of the year gold will be taken from the Bank of England and sent abroad, or gold which would have come to the Bank of England will be stopped abroad by the borrowers. The result will be a lessening of the supply of money in the market and consequently a raising of the rate of discount.

The harvest all over Western and Central Europe is later this year than usual; but harvesting operations, when they begin, always take money from the great banking centres into the provinces, and as the harvest is being marketed, the withdrawal of coin and notes from the banking centres for agricultural purposes continues. The movement is later in this country than upon the Continent, and it is still later than in the United States. But it is invariable in its occurrence. Harvesting operations, then, will of themselves tend to make the supply of coin and notes in the London money market less plentiful than it is at present. And as the same process is going on abroad, foreign countries will probably require to draw gold from this market to make up for the drain upon their banking centres in consequence of harvesting operations. They will be able to do so the more freely because of the large issues of all kinds which we have been pointing out have occurred this year. The probability, therefore, is that the countries to which we have become indebted through these issues of Companies and loans will draw upon London for money, that the outflow of coin and notes from London to the provinces will still further diminish the supply of loanable capital, and that, therefore, there will be a considerable rise in the rates of interest and discount by-and-by. Up to the present time the only country which has drawn considerably upon London for gold because of the issues in this market is the Argentine Republic. From the beginning of the year until Saturday last the Argentine issues of all kinds exceeded 11½ millions sterling. Thus the Argentine Republic has the means of withdrawing very large sums from this market, and it has the need to do so, because of the very high premium at which gold stands. That premium now is about 56 per cent. In other words, it takes 156 paper dollars to purchase 100 dollars in gold. Or, to put the matter a little differently, a person receiving 156 dollars in paper, and requiring to exchange the paper for gold, loses in the process somewhat more than one-third of the whole sum received. There is naturally a very strong desire in the Argentine Republic to get rid of this so-called premium on gold, and the most obvious way of doing so is to import gold, thus making it plentiful. Every year almost an attempt is made to lessen the premium, but hitherto without very much success. There is a temporary reduction, but the premium rises once more. Nevertheless the attempt is being made again. Within the past few weeks about one and a quarter million sterling has been shipped from London for Buenos Ayres, and it is believed that a considerable sum more will likewise be shipped. Now the whole stock of gold held by the Bank of England is considerably under 21 millions, and if a million or two should be taken from this stock for the Argentine Republic, the position of the Bank would become critical; for there are always miscellaneous demands that in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum; while, as we have just been observing, the harvest of itself tends to raise the rates of interest and discount. If, in addition to all this, there should be a revival of political alarm, or there should be a financial crisis anywhere, the effect upon the London money market might be serious.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

"KALA DHAKA," the Black Mountain, is a range of high, gloomy hills, rising to the left, or east, of the Upper Indus, some distance above the point where the river reaches our territory. The range is about thirty miles long, with an average elevation of 8,000 feet. Several spurs run out from either side, deep glens lying between. Nestled in these glens are the villages of wild Pathan tribes. Here and there the lower slopes are cultivated. The heights above are forest-clad; pines, oaks, sycamores, horse-chestnuts, and wild cherry-trees leaving no space unhidden from the sun, saving the few grassy glades along the crest. From the highest peak of the Black Mountain the view stretches westward across the river to the scene of the hard-fought campaign of 1863, when a force of 5,000 British troops was suddenly hemmed in by a confederacy of 20,000 hostile and fanatical tribesmen, and could only extricate itself from a position of extreme peril after two months' severe fighting, and with the help of a strong reinforcement. On the very same spot, more than two thousand years ago, Alexander the Great may have won a victory; for the Mahabun Mountain pretends with others to be the Aornos of Arrian's narrative. South of the Black Mountain is Tanawul. Some seventy years ago a chief of Tanawul entertained, hospitably enough at first, the mother of Dost Mahomed on her way from Cashmere to Cabul. But just before her departure he asked the lady—she was a Kizilbash—for her girdle, and the affront was not forgiven. Another of her sons came next year, stiched up the presumptuous chief in a bullock skin, and threw him into the Indus to drown. South-west of the Black Mountain is

the British district of Hazara, or Hazara Karluk; so called after the scattered remnant of a tribe once known to the Chinese as the Lion Uighurs of Kashgar. The part of Hazara nearest to the Black Mountain is Agror—a valley now mainly inhabited by Swathis. Idle, treacherous, and cowardly, the Swathis are often attacked by the independent rieviers of the Black Mountain, and their inability to defend themselves has cost us more than one border campaign already. They are not wanting in intelligence. A local legend (identical with many others, especially one of a Scandinavian Troll) says that, once upon a time, the Devil and a Swathi were partners in the cultivation of a field. The agreement was that the Evil One should have all that grew beneath the ground, while the Swathi was to have all that grew above. The field was sown with maize; and, when the harvest was gathered in, the Swathi's partner was wroth at getting so little. The Swathi offered to reverse the bargain in future; and the Devil having consented, he craftily sowed carrots. Outwitted, says the legend, a second time, the Devil thought it better to abandon agriculture.

Hitherto the Black Mountain has been best known as the objective of General Wilde's expedition in 1868. A previous expedition had been sent to the Black Mountain in 1852, when Lieutenant-Colonel Napier—now Lord Napier of Magdala—commanded the right column of our troops. In 1868 a much stronger force was found requisite. The story of General Wilde's march is told at length in the official "Record of Expeditions against the Tribes of the North-West Frontier." Our force consisted of 14,500 infantry, 1,500 cavalry, and 24 guns. Troops had to be hurried up from remote stations; and a large reserve was formed at Rawalpindi. Two companies of Sappers and Miners marched 600 miles in twenty-nine days. The magnitude of our preparations had a very excellent effect. The Akhoond of Swat, a spiritual potentate, whose influence over the frontier tribes was unbounded, began to fear lest the expedition was meant for his particular benefit; so, by way of conciliating us, he instigated his followers to attack the Hindustanee colony settled on Mahabun. The expulsion of these people had been the object of the Umbeyla campaign of 1863, and they were now under the leadership of the last king of Delhi's reputed son. The Akhoond's disciples drove them across the Indus, and at the same time the holy man persuaded another hill tribe who had given offence to us to come in and make submission. The steps taken by the Akhoond of Swat showed that General Wilde need have little fear of any combined opposition. Indeed, as things turned out, the campaign proved to be hardly more exciting than a mere promenade. Everything was ready for an advance by the end of September. The actual start was made on October 3rd. Cooked rations for a day were carried in the men's haversacks, and a week's supplies on mules. The first shots were fired on the second day, when General Bright's brigade had a skirmish with the enemy near the village of Kungalli. Our loss was two killed and six wounded. The brigade then advanced to Mana ka Dara up the Kungalli spur of the range (the spur by which Major Battye and Captain Urmston were returning). The second brigade followed next day. The enemy now held a position, an *abattis* with small stone breastworks, on a grassy knoll 800 yards off. This had to be taken with a loss of four men killed and two wounded. General Bright advanced the same afternoon to Chittabut, along an almost impassable road. Two battery mules fell over the precipice and were killed. Arrived at Chittabut, our troops were now on the main range, and the next thing was to push on to the highest peak. This, the Masai peak, is described by the general in command as a defensible position of great natural strength. The ascent lay up a narrow path; a precipice on one side, a thick wood on the other. But our mountain guns proved too much for the enemy's equanimity. They retired as rapidly as our men advanced. The position was captured with only eight casualties, and its defenders were seen bolting down the spurs on the west side of the range to the Indus valley. After this there was no more fighting except for the casual shots fired at night on our pickets and sentries. General Wilde attributed the tameness of the whole affair to the consternation of the Black Mountain tribes when we advanced, without the least let or hindrance, to what they had looked on as inexpugnable fastnesses; and also to the fact that these tribes had never before seen the effect of artillery fire. We had now reached the heart of the enemy's country, having occupied and put in a state of defence strong positions from which it would have been impossible to dislodge us. The question was should we, before retiring, read the enemy a severe lesson. Some native levies from Hazara accompanied the force; and it would have been easy to get these men, belonging to hill tribes themselves, to destroy everything within reach. This was about to be done when the Black Mountain tribes sent in their leaders to make humble submission. We, therefore, contented ourselves with telling the Akazais that in future they would have to pay revenue for their village of Shahtut, which, though it lay within our frontier, they had hitherto held rent free. The remarks made by the political officer with force on the leniency we showed seem worth referring to. "In dealing," said Major Pollock, "with the Pathan tribes of the border on an occasion like the present, our object should be rather to effect what is called in Oriental phraseology lifting up their *purdahs* [curtains] than to kill numbers of them, or unceremoniously to impose fines, or to unroof or burn villages, or to destroy crops; such punishments, cruel even when rightly directed, fall with the greatest severity on the least

guilty members of an offending community; and our best officers, civil and military, have always held similar language." On the 11th October our troops began to retire, and on the 20th re-entered British territory. The force had traversed eighty miles of hill country, making its own roads and taking all its supplies with it. It was not an eventful campaign; but it had involved elaborate preparations and much hard work in carrying out the General's plans. The strength and mobility of his force over-awed the enemy at first; while afterwards our clemency encouraged them to behave with respectful deference as long as a British soldier remained in sight. But not many months passed before the Black Mountain tribes grew troublesome again, and from that day till now they have seldom let a season go by without annoying us in one way or another. Should an expedition be sent now, or rather three months hence, to avenge the deaths of Major Battye and Captain Urmston, it will be something more than what the *Times* calls a mere matter of police; but it will have its advantages.

CAN THERE BE ANOTHER ALABAMA?

THE career of the *Alabama* is now ancient history—even very ancient as things go in these days; but, unlike most old passages of recent history, it is not forgotten; on the contrary, it is much quoted, and always with some effect. The operations now going on have already brought her name up again; and whenever the question of our readiness, or rather unreadiness, to meet a naval war comes up—which is at intervals of every few months—the doings of the Confederate cruiser are invariably cited, and of course for one purpose. She is always brought forward to show how easily our commerce could be swept off the sea. "The enemy's *Alabamas*" is a stock phrase; and it is quietly taken for granted that there could be another *Alabama*, and that she could run as successful a course as the first did. It is also tacitly allowed that any tolerably speedy vessel supplied with a few guns would be an *Alabama*. It is always dangerous to supply arguments to the other side, who for the present purpose may be taken to be the people who think the navy strong enough, or who consider the spending of money in peace a worse evil than the running of ugly risks in war. Still the croaker is nearly as dangerous as the over-confident or the over-economical person, and he has made the *Alabama* his special property. As he uses her with great effect, there is still some actuality in considerations upon her. After all, the next worst thing to neglect of proper measures of precautions is unreasoning panic about the probable damage a war can inflict.

There are certain facts about the *Alabama* which are beyond dispute, and ought to be considered by all who look for her re-appearance. She was regularly built to be a cruiser, and was a decided advance on any vessel fit for the purpose afloat at the time. Messrs. Laird made her to fight, and to be handy whether under steam or sail. Therefore she was not in the least like an armed merchant ship, which could at best be only a make-shift, and could make little use of her sails, though she might be quick under steam. Then the *Alabama* had a peculiarly favourable set of circumstances to work in. When the American civil war broke out the majority of the ships of the Federal navy were sailing vessels. The steamers it possessed were needed for the blockading work, and were overtaxed at that. It was found necessary to strengthen the Federal navy by hasty constructions on a large scale, and by converting anything which by hook or by crook could be made to serve the purpose into a fighting vessel. The Federal merchant navy consisted not partly, but wholly, of sailing craft. A writer in the *Century*, who claimed to have served on board her, declared that the *Alabama* was once beaten in pure speed by a great Yankee clipper, and as this is said to have happened towards the end of her cruise it is fairly credible. As against the immense majority of Federal merchant ships, however, the *Alabama* had a great superiority in speed. Then everywhere off the coast of the States she was in exactly the same position as a Federal cruiser. Whatever advantage the captains of the Northern side may have enjoyed from the services of consuls cannot have amounted to much, and Captain Semmes could obtain information from newspapers, and provisions or repairs in English ports as readily as a Federal officer. With no wish to vilipend the *Alabama's* captain and crew, it may be said that with few enemies to pursue them, no disadvantage in the use of ports, and sailing ships to prey on, they had a very easy and safe game to play. They never met a real fighting ship during their whole cruise, except the *Iroquois*, which they avoided, for the *Hatteras* was a mere shell of a ship, a small merchant vessel furbished up to serve as a cruiser.

It will be long before any cruiser finds such conditions as these to work in again. In our case any vessel would find herself compelled to deal with exactly the reverse of them. The English navy does not consist of sailing ships; merchant vessels are already for the most part steamers, and in war would be so wholly. We should not be compelled to keep our fleet at home; and in distant seas we not only possess ports, dockyards, and the means of obtaining coal, but it may almost be said that we are the only people who do possess them. The fortifications of the coaling stations may not be perfect, but they are amply capable of keeping any possible *Alabama* at a respectful distance. Forts and weapons

which are not the best may yet be good enough for the work they have to do. The captain of any Russian or other *Alabama* who was about to start for a cruise on the coast of Australia and New Zealand, for instance, would, if he were a man of ordinary prudence, have many serious thoughts about coals. It is easy for the authors of *Battles of Dorking* to talk about capturing fuel at sea or snapping it up in unguarded coast towns; but the captain who had to trust to his luck in that fashion would not be very happy in his mind. He might not catch his hare, or not enough of it; and then transhipping heavy weights at sea is never an easy or quick process, and often is not possible. As for the occupation of a coast town and the plunder of its coals, that would hardly be done in ten minutes. Twenty-four hours would be more like the time required, and, with the telegraph at work, this would mean that any English cruiser within signalling distance of the shore for at least two hundred and fifty miles on either side would have time to come up. Even the dreadful *Alabama* captain of fancy, who is the favourite bugaboo of the croaker, would hardly care to be caught between even so poor a thing as an English cruiser and the coast while half of his crew were on shore carting coals. If he recalled them in time to clear off, he would have to leave the fuel; if he stuck to the booty, he might be caught "all abroad." Then whether you fight and you conquer, and whether you fight and you run, you are liable to get damaged, and damages must be repaired. The captain of the *Russia's Hope* himself would have felt nervous if he had found himself with a big hole or two above his water-line and a piece knocked out of his stern-post at a distance of six thousand miles from Petropaulovski, and in a sea watched by English cruisers. An *Alabama* which had to fight would also have to go back to port pretty frequently, even if it won, and it could not be in dockyard and at sea too. A successful action off the Azores or the Cape might, and probably would, have stopped Captain Semmes nearly as effectually as the loss of his vessel in the Channel if the gunnery of his opponent had been as good as the practice of the *Kearsage*. We may, without undue confidence, take it for granted that any *Alabama* or *Russia's Hope* cruising against us would have to fight occasionally, and with opponents who knew how to use their guns.

The influence of the exclusive use of steam on naval warfare has perhaps hardly been sufficiently worked out. We say the exclusive use, because to that we are rapidly coming. The tendency now is everywhere towards the employment of mastless steamers in war, and inevitably so, for a vessel designed to serve two purposes can never be first rate at either. Masts and spars are a hindrance to quick steaming, and as all fighting must be done under steam in future, they are destined to disappear, or if retained for motives of economy in peace, they will be generally dispensed with in war. The *Esmeralda*, which is a very typical modern cruiser, has only a military mast. But this change which works for speed will also have the effect of imposing a limitation on modern war-ships, from which the vessels of the old wooden sailing fleets were nearly free. Captains will in future have to take care to go no further than they can go back; they will never dare to let the coal in their bunkers get below the amount which will serve to take them to the nearest friendly port. The notion of a cruiser captain trusting to luck for his fuel may safely be dismissed. Mention is made from time to time of foreign vessels able to steam so many thousand miles at full speed; but you cannot burn coal and keep it in the bunkers too. To spend it in going to a place where no more could be obtained with certainty would be little better than madness. Now this absolute need for coal ought to work wholly in our favour. In the Eastern and Southern seas nearly all the possible coaling stations are in our hands, and we are the great exporters of coal. As long as this kind of fuel is in general use, and we have the command of it, an enemy's cruisers in distant seas will be as helpless as the nomads of Algeria were when the French took to hunting down their flocks at the lambing season, or the Turcomans when the Russians seized the watering-places. It will be our fault if coal is to be got in neutral ports. There is an offence known as helping the Queen's enemies, and Her Majesty's Attorney-General will have something to say to English merchants whose agents sell fuel at Buenos Ayres to hostile foreigners. If this should by any chance not fall under the Statute of Treasons or other law made and provided already, we have a useful precedent ready to be followed. During the wonderful business diversely called the war of Jenkins's Ear and the war of the Austrian Succession, English underwriters were in the habit of insuring French and Spanish merchant ships. They got handsome premiums for their guarantee, but the result was that whenever a good sum of prize-money came into the pockets of privateers or naval seamen, an exactly equivalent sum went out of Lloyds' back to the foreigner. This was stopped by Act of Parliament, and the improper export of coal could be corrected in the same way. While we can very largely, if not wholly, control the force which moves ships of war, we must, unless we are madly careless, have our enemy's head in chancery whenever he ventures far from his own coast. In future cruises will infallibly be far shorter than they were in the old days, when a sailing ship could keep the sea as long as her provisions lasted, which might be for six months. They will also be localized far more than they were when all a ship wanted in port might be wood, water, and provisions, which can be got everywhere. Now she will be in constant need of coal, which is not to be got everywhere. The advantage in naval warfare will rest

with the Power which has the greatest number of centres from which to cruise. We are that Power, and as long as we retain the position we have less, rather than more, to fear from commerce destroyers than any possible enemy.

THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

THE singularly inclement weather which we have experienced this summer has not benefited the various exhibitions which have been opened simultaneously during the present season. Not only have they suffered in attendance, but their completion even has been considerably retarded by the almost incessant downpour of rain. The Irish Exhibition has fared even worse than the Italian and the Anglo-Danish, for at Olympia everything had to be created, and the gardens even now are not finished. This Exhibition has many striking features which amply repay a visit. The main building, usually devoted to the purposes of a circus, has been boarded over and is occupied by the Exhibition proper, and a careful inspection of its contents proves that in certain industries Ireland stands in a deservedly prominent position. It would be impossible to obtain from any other part of the world such exquisite linen and damasks as those which are manufactured in various parts of the Emerald Isle. The Irish cambric shown here is proved to be stronger even than that produced in the French city which gives this fabric its name. On the other hand, the lace, of which there is an immense display, seems to us not so strong as that which the modern Venetians exhibit at West Brompton. Some, however, of the Irish reproductions of ancient designs of Flemish, French, Venetian, and Roman laces are quite equal to the originals, save perhaps that the thread is not so tightly woven, an art which our present lace-makers seem not as yet to have acquired. The laces shown from the schools of Mrs. Vere O'Brien and Mrs. O'Dare, from the Bath and Shirley schools, and from the convents of Kenmare and Kinsale, are extremely beautiful, and although "lace is a luxury," as Mr. Balfour recently observed, "never likely to become a staple industry," nevertheless there is a great demand for it, not only at home but in America, and Irish lace, we are assured, is being largely sold abroad under false pretences as being made at Alençon, Valenciennes, and Brussels. More useful, if less ornamental, are the products of the Donegal Industrial Fund, an association which has a solid and practical aim. The village dyers, having been skilfully trained to produce a number of delicate and beautiful colours from the local plants in their district, have, in the opinion of Mrs. Hart, succeeded in producing tweeds and home-spuns which are already commanding a special market of their own. These products are exhibited in a clever reproduction of an Irish village, designed by Mr. Birch. Were it not for the particularly modern-looking buildings which surround this village and overshadow its low thatched roofs, it would be surprisingly realistic. Close to the village we have representations of Drogheda and Blarney Castles, and of one of those amazing round towers which some one wittily remarked must originally have been wells from which the earth has receded. The dairy industries of Ireland are well represented. The cheeses and butters are of admirable quality, and do great credit to the energy of Canon Bagot, who has associated his name so prominently with Irish agricultural interests. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts's benevolence is also illustrated. Although, to be sure, there was at one time some little opposition to the admission of the "Flower Girls' Mission," when it was shown that the majority of the young women rescued through the kindly activity of Lady Burdett-Coutts were Irish they were soon permitted to carry on their pretty industry at a stall which is ever surrounded by an admiring crowd. Another charity in which the Baroness takes interest is the Baltimore Fish School, a number of boys from which are daily engaged in making nets and sails, which form a leading feature in their training. The galleries are, perhaps, to the general public the more interesting section of the Exhibition, for here are arranged many valuable pictures, a superb collection of old Irish plate, and some remarkable historical relics; including, by the way, Daniel O'Connell's umbrella, a prodigy of clumsiness. The pictures for the most part are either portraits of Irish celebrities or else illustrate events in Irish history, and are not, indeed, all of them by Irish artists, and many have been exhibited before. That very clever young Irish artist, Mr. Thaddeus, sends his powerfully-painted portrait of Pope Leo XIII., and an equally strong likeness of Liszt, one of the last for which the king of pianists gave a sitting. Then, although its connexion with an Irish Exhibition is not very apparent, there is to be seen in this neighbourhood Mr. Hubbard's celebrated trophy of stuffed animals and furs of all kinds, which was such a conspicuous feature of the South Kensington Exhibitions; and not far from it, in a series of glass cases, are some extremely interesting autographs and manuscripts of Irish literary and musical celebrities.

DAIRYMEN.

IN the Western counties the system of subletting dairies still prevails to a large extent. But this race of dairymen is, we are afraid, doomed, and will soon disappear as the establishment of butter-factories spreads and the economics of the latter are

better understood; but at present a great many of these men are budding farmers, while others remain dairymen all their lives. They are a class "betwixt and between," neither farmers nor yet hinds or farm-servants. The system consists of a farmer hiring out for the space of a year to these dairymen a certain number of cows, with enough pasture to feed them upon, and a house. The rent is very high, and the dairyman makes what profits he can from the surplus. He must have a little capital, as a great part of the rent is paid in advance. The price of hire per cow is from 10*l.* to 12*l.* each a year, and it seems almost inconceivable how these men make a living. Not only do they do so, but, as we have said before, some save enough to establish themselves in farms of their own. A cow does not give milk for more than nine months in the year, and only in full quantity for six. The average yield of milk per cow per diem is about 2½ gallons, seldom 3; and to make a pound of hand-made butter it takes 3 gallons. The butter-dealer makes a contract for the year, and 10*l.* or 11*l.* a pound is generally as much as he gives. Taking, then, a high average, the fresh milk of a cow made into butter realizes about 14*7s.* a month for the first six, a great deal less the next three, and none at all for the last. So, roughly speaking, the main produce from the cow—namely, the butter—hardly pays the rent. We are, of course, talking of the dairy counties, where butter-making, not cheese, is the staple industry. The only way in which these dairies are made to pay is by the small collateral profits. The calf becomes the property of the dairyman, but has to be sold as soon as possible, as the milk given to it would be a dead loss in butter, and later on he could not feed it, as the land is carefully parcelled out for the number of cows let with it. These young calves now only fetch from 10 to 15 shillings apiece in the market; before the days of depression they were 30*s.* each. So he relies chiefly on his pigs—the mainstay, apparently, of all struggling agriculturists. What a debt of gratitude mankind owes to these animals, the synonym of all that is bad! But before they get their skim milk, it goes through another process—namely, the making of skim-milk cheese, which, poor as it is, fetches from 2½*d.* to 4½*d.* a lb. All these little rills help to fill the stream of money to the dairyman's coffers, and with the help of poultry, &c., he contrives to live and flourish. The hard part is that, although the farmer has had his rent reduced, and the price of bought cows is incomparably less than it was, the dairymen have had very little, if any, abatement given them; they pay as much in a year by way of rent as the whole original price of the cow, or even more. Of course they get the food, but it must be a very satisfactory arrangement for the farmer.

Now for our reasons why we think this race of men will become extinct in a short time. The growth of butter factories has taken a wonderful start these last two or three years. To give an instance, in a particular district of Devonshire in the last two years three have been established within a radius of seven miles. The Company that has started them is making 5 per cent. at the original one, and the two others, which have not been opened six months, are already paying their working expenses. A fourth is to be set going as soon as possible in which the farmers themselves mean to be the sole shareholders. This is a wonderfully quick advance, taking into account the obstinacy and, we may say, crass ignorance of some of the old-fashioned farmers, increased by the natural opposition and enmity of the itinerant butter-dealer. These factories are now giving 4½*d.* a gallon for the raw milk, and are able to make a pound of butter out of 2½ gallons; therefore, the supplier gets 13½*d.* for three gallons of milk instead of 10*d.* or 11*d.* given for the pound of butter. This comes from the Separator doing its work quite thoroughly. Of course the skim milk is proportionally poorer, but the cheese-making property is left in it, and the farmer, when it is returned to him, can add a little linseed, which is very cheap, and which quite brings it up to the mark for all fattening purposes. Factory butter, from its uniform good quality, already fetches a higher price than other made butter. At present a great many farmers are still waiting to see how these factories succeed; but, when the system becomes universal, the dairyman will most likely disappear. A farmer and his family who now have their hands quite full with outdoor work, milking, and making butter, will, when the latter is cut off, find a great deal of spare time, manage all their cows themselves, pocketing the profits that the dairyman somehow manages to get. If these factories are able to give an impetus to the sale of English butter, superseding that from Normandy and Brittany, which has now such a prestige, they will have done a very useful turn to our agricultural interests. At first it will be rather hard lines on the dairyman, in reducing a number of hard-working and independent men into hired labourers or farm-servants; but we must remember their existence has had largely to do with the foreign rivalry in butter. It is impossible to make a good quality where the milk has to stand in close ill-ventilated rooms to rise the cream, not to mention the want of sufficient apparatus to ensure perfect cleanliness, which is so essential. Again, it is fatal to high-class butter to mix milk of different temperatures, which must happen where the quantity is not sufficient for daily use. The factories are very careful as the milk comes in to at once warm it all to the same temperature. At the same time we are old-fashioned enough to regret the disappearance of any of our old institutions, and it is sad to think how entirely all poetry and romance will disappear when everything depends on machinery and factories.

"TRUST THE PEOPLE."

TORIES fear the people's face,
Tories lean upon the classes;
Only Liberals dare to place
Faith unstinted in the masses.
Ring it out, then, far and wide,
Like the tocsin from a steeple—
We are the confiding side,
We are they who trust the people.

Yes, we trust the people so,
So entirely, so intensely,
We so well their virtues know,
And respect them so immensely,
That our manly bosoms swell,
One and all, with righteous fury,
When we hear you bid P—n—ll
Go before an English jury.

Trust the people? Yes, indeed!
With a faith so deep, so boundless,
That we think them sure to read
Truth in accusations groundless,
And would like our case to shelve
By convenient House Committee,
Rather than appeal to twelve
Honest men of London City.

In our utter trust we say
That, this side St. George's Channel,
Not a Sheriff could array
Any but a perjured panel,
Men to strike a traitor blow,
Men whose conscience 'twould not stagger
Falsely to pronounce a foe
Friend of dynamite and dagger.

Ay! we trust the people—all,
All—except those dozen villains
Who have vowed at faction's call
To destroy P—n—lls and D—ll—ns.
All save these we freely trust
Not to wreak their party grudges—
Oh! and—yes!—I think we must
Also bar the learned judges.

And the Government—of course,
We of them must make deduction,
And their brutal Tory force
Bent upon P—n—ll's destruction;
Since (our trustful hearts report)
They intend beyond denial,
Having duly packed the Court,
To pervert the form of trial.

Nor—although so foul a deed
Could not lightly be mistaken,
Or escape their eye and heed
Whom we trust with faith unshaken—
Do we feel assured that they,
Though they see and understand it,
Can be . . . trusted, shall I say?
Rightly to condemn and brand it.

Still, with here and there a doubt
In our hearts' recesses kept hid,
Let us ring the challenge out
(With excipiens excepted)
Loud and long and far and wide,
Like the tocsin from a steeple,
We are the confiding side,
We are they who trust the people.

REVIEWS.

EARLY WOOD-ENGRAVING IN ITALY.*

IN selecting Italian wood-engraving in the fifteenth century for the subject of a special treatise, Dr. Lippmann has exercised the discretion of a scholar. The period is a short one, as there was little or no wood-engraving in Italy before the latter part of the century, and the principal places of production were few. Moreover the examples remaining are easily classified, and have well-defined characteristics, which separate them clearly from later developments of the art. Dr. Lippmann has also the advantage of dealing with a little plot of ground which has not been exhausted. It has, of course, been touched by writers like Duplessis in their general surveys of the History of Engraving; by others, like Delaborde, who have made early Italian engraving

the subject of special study; and Gruyer's work on the illustrations of Savonarola's sermons is an example of special attention paid to one section of the themes. Nevertheless, Dr. Lippmann has been the first to treat, by itself, all that remains to us of the work of Italian wood-engravers of the fifteenth century in something like an exhaustive manner. For this task his position as Director of the Royal Print-room at Berlin has given him much advantage, especially as the collection under his charge is unusually rich in Italian woodcuts of the period, and contains several specimens which are unique. The readers of *Jahrbuch der K. Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* will already be acquainted with the substance of Dr. Lippmann's new volume, as it is principally composed of articles which have already appeared in that publication; but their translation into English and republication in book form, with a revised and enlarged text and additional illustrations, will be a boon to English students and collectors.

First let us say that the illustrations are numerous and well selected, and that they reproduce the engravings with a fidelity which (thanks to photography) makes those which have not been reduced in size almost as useful to the student as the originals themselves. Most of them are, of course, book illustrations from the *Æsops* of Verona and Naples, the Savonarola sermons, the *Quadreriego*, the *Hyperotomachia Poliphili*, *Valturio de Re Militari*, the Malermi Bible, and other comparatively well-known sources; but a good many are from separate prints of great rarity. Some of the latter are unique, like the large view of Florence, executed between 1486 and 1490, of which a reduced facsimile is given, together with an exact reproduction of a section of it. Unique also are the fragment of an early Venetian Madonna and Child of elaborate execution (p. 158), another fragment of a similar subject in strong outline (p. 165), which Dr. Lippmann refers to the school of Padua or Vicenza, and a remarkable portrait of a beardless man (p. 172), all of which are in the Berlin Museum. The last print is unique also in method, the block having apparently been treated in a peculiar manner, something like a mezzotint on wood, by "lowering the more prominent parts, scraping and roughening others, so as to soften the impression of the ink upon the paper, and making it seem like a washing in half-tints." The reproduction has certainly much resemblance to a drawing, and none whatever to a wood-engraving. Another print of at least extreme rarity (Dr. Lippmann does not say that it is unique) is Baron Edmond de Rothschild's large woodcut of "The Miracle of St. Martha," with its elaborate border, in the same style of decoration as the border of a print issued from the press of the brothers Le Signerre at Saluzzo, a facsimile of which is also given. A beautifully drawn and finely cut half-length of "Christ Carrying the Cross," and an "Ecce Homo," both strongly suggestive of Solario, are also among the rarities. Altogether it may be said that for its illustrations alone the book is a valuable one, giving a very fair view of all that is best and most characteristic of Italian wood-engraving in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, as well as a few prints which cannot be found elsewhere.

The text, which is tolerably, but not more than tolerably, translated, is clear, businesslike, and learned, traversing the whole ground in a systematic manner and supplying much that is interesting and sagacious in the way of criticism and comment. Perhaps a little more time would not have been misspent upon it. Notes joined together formed the original articles, and the articles joined together have formed the book, which has been soldered rather than recast. In a book of this kind perfection of literary workmanship is not perhaps to be expected, and would add little to the real value of it; but there is at least one instance in which a little more care would have prevented an apparent inconsistency of opinion. On p. 2 one of the reasons given for the late development of wood-engraving in Italy, as compared with Germany, is that "the pious sentiment which prompted the desire of the German to decorate his home with a saint's picture had no existence in Italy." But on p. 157 we read that "the Italians were no less assiduous than the Germans in pasting pictures of saints upon the doors and walls of their dwellings."

No fault, however, can be found in the general arrangement of the book. After a few preliminary remarks on the different positions which the art of engraving in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries occupied north and south of the Alps, Dr. Lippmann proceeds at once to divide his subject into three groups, each of which he then considers separately. The following paragraph represents what may be called the "plan" of the book:—

If we survey the production of wood-engraving in Italy in the fifteenth century, we find three groups of more or less distinctive character. That which is numerically the smallest comprises the illustrations which issued from the early printing-presses in Rome and Naples, executed by or for the German craftsmen who introduced typography. A second group, no less clearly defined, is formed by woodcuts of Florentine origin which appeared during the short period between 1490 and 1503, marked by a certain grace and charm peculiarly their own. The third group, the largest and most varied in its ranges, is constituted by the works of artists in Northern Italy. This group derives its characteristic type from the influence of the Venetian and the Mantegna school of painting, and its practice, especially in Venice, developed a high degree of technical and artistic excellence.

Of the first group there is not much to be said. Little interest, except of an historical kind, attaches to these early decorations and illustrations to books published by German printers settled in Italy. The title-page of Subiaco Lactantius, published in 1465 by Sweynheim & Pannartz, "the prototypographers of Italy," is probably the first Italian woodcut. It is simply decorative.

* *The Art of Wood-Engraving in Italy in the Fifteenth Century.* By Friedrich Lippmann. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1888.

The first illustrations on wood were those to the *Meditationes* of Cardinal Torquemada, issued by Ulrich Hahn at Rome in 1467; but neither this book nor the *Mirabilia Rome* (1470), nor the *Chironomia* (1481), nor the *Opuscula* of Philippus de Barberiis (1483), nor Tuppo's *Æsop* (1485), nor any of the other products of the Italo-Germanic press of Rome and Naples of this time, although many of the engravings were apparently from designs of Italian artists, and those of the *Æsop* are vigorous in design and cut with great skill, can compare in attraction with those of the second group.

Technically considered, these Florentine woodcuts of 1490-1508 are an unexplained prodigy. They dropped, as it were, from the sky. Learning (presumably) their art from the Germans, or at least deriving the hint of it from them, the engravers proceeded at once to cut their blocks in a different fashion from that employed by any German. They seem to have been the first to perceive the fundamental difference between a drawing on paper (or a line engraving on copper) and an engraving on wood. In the former case the process is from white to black, in the latter from black to white. They conceived wood-engraving as a drawing in white on a black ground. These precursors of Bewick, these first apostles of the white line, will no doubt receive their due measure of praise in Mr. Linton's forthcoming *magnum opus* on wood-engraving, but their technical orthodoxy would earn them little appreciation from the multitude, if it were not for the spirit and refinement of the designs which they engraved. By whom were the designs made? Unfortunately this, the most interesting question with regard to early Italian wood-engraving, is left unsolved by Dr. Lippmann. He is probably right in thinking that the great masters and leaders of painting had little to do with the drawing of designs for woodcuts; but yet, though none of these Florentine engravings on wood bear distinct marks of any well-known painter's hand, they carry traces of their influence. One is reminded by them over and over again of Ghirlandajo, of Botticelli, and the Pollajuoli. The Venetian engravings, on the other hand, are all more or less Bellinesque; but whereas these might have been cut to lines drawn by an independent designer, the Florentine method required the exercise of distinct artistic faculty on the part of the engraver. It is, therefore, more probable in the case of the Florentine cuts that they were designed by the engraver himself. However this may be, they present a very interesting problem, the solution of which baffles every one at present, including Dr. Lippmann.

Dr. Lippmann cannot in this or other respects claim to have thrown much light on questions of controversy, and in some cases his suggestions towards the solution of difficulties do not strike us as being very happy. His speculations, for instance, about the monograms IA and Z.A., and the possible identity between the owner of the former mark (which is generally in Gothic characters) with Jacobus of Strasburg, are more ingenious than convincing. We have first to assume that IA is to be interpreted Jacobus, and then that this particular Jacobus is identical with Jacobus of Strasburg, who is only known as the engraver of three large prints totally different in style and execution from all the woodcuts signed IA. A still stranger and, if accepted, a much more important suggestion of Dr. Lippmann's is that Jacopo de Barbari may be the designer of the cuts in the Poliphilo, the Malermi Bible, the Ovid of 1497, Ketham's *Fasciculus de Medicina*, and other books; but this will want a great deal more support before it can be seriously entertained. Dr. Lippmann himself very frankly points out many of the difficulties in the way of his cherished theory; but in his discussion of the subject on pp. 126-136 he seems to forget a small fact which he mentions on p. 85. His theory is greatly based on the contention that the little "b" which is found on some of the cuts in the Malermi Bible, the Poliphilo, the Terence of 1497, &c., is not an engraver's, but a designer's, mark, and that it more probably belongs to Barbari than to Bellini, Botticelli, or any other contemporary master beginning with "b." The little fact we refer to, which, unless capable of further explanation, seems to brush this ingenious theory away, is that this mark is "to be met again and again, during more than a century from the date of the Malermi Bible, upon outline woodcuts produced in Venice." As Barbari was about forty years' old when the Malermi Bible was published, he must have added extraordinary longevity to marvellous versatility if he were really the owner of the monogram "b." But Dr. Lippmann's difficulties do not end here; for he asserts of the spirited design of "Theseus and the Minotaur" on the first page of the Plutarch of 1491 that it is evidently by the hand of the artist of the Malermi Bible, and that "the attitudes of the two combatants and the conception of the subject remind us, to some extent, of the work of Antonio Pollajuolo." After this it is almost a matter of surprise that Dr. Lippmann does not claim for Barbari the designs signed "I. B.," with a bird, commonly ascribed to Battista del Porto; but, with regard to these, he writes in a very different strain:—

So great is the variety of style and technique in the different woodcuts of the so-called Battista del Porto, that it is impossible to consider them all as having emanated from the same hand or as being the works of a single artist. A man capable of producing them all and endowed to such an unexampled degree with the power of changing his manner, and of working now in one style and now in another at will, would have been for his time a prodigy indeed. We are inclined rather to believe that the mark of I. B., with the bird, was used by an atelier.

In this we entirely agree with Dr. Lippmann; and we think there are equally cogent reasons for thinking that the mark "b"

was also one of an atelier, and not of Jacopo de Barbari, who must have been even more versatile than the "so-called" Battista del Porto if he were really the author of all the designs which Dr. Lippmann would ascribe to him.

BOATING.*

THE chief, almost the only, fault we have to find with this member of the Badminton series is that the title is rather too wide. It is less a treatise on boating written for the benefit of "the inexperienced man who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British sports and pastimes," for whom it is designed, according to the Editor of the Library, than a volume on rowing in races, which will be chiefly useful and interesting to those who know a good deal about the management of a boat already. It starts, indeed, with a promise of extraordinary thoroughness. Dr. Warre, who contributes the Introduction, begins at the creation of the world with the primitive ancestor who took the first step in navigation by sitting across a log, and paddling with hands and feet. But the finish is not according to the promise. After a few paragraphs the Doctor goes off or goes back to that never-ending question, the construction of the trireme. To a large extent the Introduction is a reprint of his article "Ship" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and like it is nearly wholly occupied with that fine old classical puzzle. At the end the reader who wants to know about mediæval boats is handed over to the tender mercies of M. Jal, of the *Archéologie Navale* and *Glossaire Nautique*. If he was to be handed over to anybody, it would have been kinder to send him to that feast of good reading, and out-of-the-way learning, Colonel Yule's *Marco Polo*. We cannot but think it was a mistake to insert a chapter of this kind into such a book as this. A history of row-boats and the use of the oar is one thing. A treatise on the sport and pastime of rowing and sculling as practised on English rivers, lakes, and broads, is quite another. An attempt to combine the two within the space allowed makes it impossible to deal with either fully. The effort to combine history and good advice goes on all through the volume. Mr. Woodgate devotes a good deal of space to the records of races, and a chapter to the Thames waterman. The first subject is appropriate enough, but we prefer to have mere lists of names consigned to the appendix. The treatment of the second is inadequate. Mr. Woodgate seems to look upon the waterman not wholly, but chiefly, as a racer. Yet the waterman was a marked type of old London life, and has a literary and even legislative history of his own. It was hardly worth while giving him a chapter to show how he has been ruined by the sliding seat. A paragraph in a chapter on the proper way of rowing on the seat would have been enough. One grumble more we must allow ourselves—with this qualification, that we do not hold Mr. Woodgate responsible for the cause of our complaint. The illustrations to the book are pretty, and neatly executed; but for the most part they are pretty and nothing else. For the purposes of the inexperienced man it would have been far better to put in a few diagrams instead of such reproductions of photographs as the "Towing Guard-Boats up Henley Reach," a poor thing, on p. 39, or "The Scratch Eight (Peal of Bells)" on p. 75. Mr. Woodgate explains in his text, with the help of a halferown and a threepenny-piece—visible to the mind's eye only—the effect of the sliding seat on the swing of the rower or sculler. Here an outlined figure, with dotted lines to show the movements, would have been a real boon to the inexperienced man.

For all that part of the book which is really advice and description of movements there is nothing but praise to be said, as, indeed, might be expected to be the case with anything on the subject from Mr. Woodgate's pen. The chapter on Training is encouraging reading to the optimist, for it shows that we have decidedly grown wiser in one respect at least. A stop has been put to the wicked old practice of first purging and then gorging with masses of monotonous indigestible food. Our temperance friends may perhaps be wroth with Mr. Woodgate's recommendation of port or claret. Still less will they approve of his tolerance of "pick-me-ups" of brandy for nervous or tired crews. For our part, we can only say that, if a man lives to race, he must do all the things needful to keep his strength at the sticking point; but that when it has got to such a pitch with a gentleman that he must needs have stimulants, the thing is beyond sport or pastime for him. Mr. Woodgate entertains a not ungenial contempt for all persons who go in boats, but are not up to senior race form. It is for these last that he writes, and not for duffers or second-rate oarsmen. But such poor creatures as these may read Mr. Woodgate with profit, and even with pleasure, if they are gifted with a proper Christian humility. It is better for them, after all, to row their stroke out, not to feather in the water, to drop their hands smartly when the root of the thumb has touched the chest, and to keep their elbows well to their sides. On these points Mr. Woodgate is clear, emphatic, and eminently intelligible. Unlike some instructors in matters of sport, he not only tells his pupil what to do, but why he ought to do it. Our only

* *Badminton Library—Boating.* By W. B. Woodgate. With an Introduction by the Rev. E. Warre, D.D., and a Chapter on Rowing at Eton by R. Harvey Mason. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

complaint is that Mr. Woodgate might have said more on the general management of a boat. Perhaps he was restrained by the conviction that no amount of written instruction can teach a man how to do a thing with his limbs. No doubt this is true enough, and every writer on sport repeats it; but none the less it is not the whole truth. Whoever has had an oar or a pair of sculls in his hands will, if he reads Mr. Woodgate, understand the use of them better than he did before, if he is a "duffer." If he is an accomplished oarsman, he will still enjoy hearing the sound principles of his art properly laid down, and it is possible that even he may profit by his reading.

BOOKS CONCERNING LAW.*

DR. PULSZKY, who is not only Professor of Law at the University of Budapest, but also a member of the Hungarian Parliament, publishes in a single volume the substance of "several courses of lectures" delivered by him "during the past ten years." The resulting book, which he has written in excellent English, is a mine of closely packed researches and reflections upon an exceedingly wide range of subjects, all of the most profound importance. Here you may find succinctly set forth what Plato and Aristotle meant by States, what sorts of things are meant by such words as "society," and what may be supposed to be the agencies in them of higher social development. Moreover, there is much information concerning the juridical speculations of Rousseau, Spinoza, Hobbes, Puffendorf, and other investigators of equally divergent philosophies. Dr. Pulszky, in short, roams at his own sweet will across and across the boundless prairies of jurisprudence, and conclusively proves himself to be a person of wide reading and remarkable industry. He is, however, a diffusive, rather than a precise, philosopher, and his language here and there is sufficiently grandiose to raise a smile in the student who reads him in the delusive hope of finding something capable of being utilized for the base purposes of examination. While his work is eminently one for the study, it is by no means one for the common student. It is a treatise upon the elements of jurisprudence, and possibly may some day claim our attention in that capacity. This acknowledgment of its existence is all that can properly be made in this place.

The late Professor Leone Levi was long known as an enthusiast in the study of international law, properly and (especially) improperly so called. His last work on the subject is an endeavour to make it, or some of it, into a code—or rather to suggest how it might be codified. The suggested code would, it seems, consist partly of loosely-worded generalities, to be enacted, presumably, by anybody who chose to take the trouble, and partly of existing treaties between different States, which are binding on the contracting parties only, and on them only as long as they choose, or as long as one can compel or persuade the other to observe them. Here are one or two of the proposed articles of the code, taken at random:—"A State includes all its colonies and dependencies"; "Every nation has a right of fishing on the high sea"; "The powers of an ambassador are always revocable." There is an elaborate scheme for setting up an international Council of Arbitration, the judgments of which are to supersede war. A rule will be made at the same time that "no belligerent has a right to destroy the great features of nature, to choke up the avenues by which population communicate [sic] with the world without, and to deprive mariners of ports of refuge from the perils of the sea." The following Article, No. 478 of the code, says "The end of war is peace." Incidentally Professor Levi gives a good deal of tabulated information about population, acreage, dates, and so on, which is

mostly to be found elsewhere, but may always be useful. It is the best, and the only practical, part of the book. The introduction contains some heresies about "natural law" and cognate expressions of opinion, such as that war "is incompatible with the high dictates of religion," and that "no empire which exists by force can be said to have its public law founded on a solid basis." This last may be true; and, if so, we can only regret that the world does not at present boast, and never has boasted, an empire with its public law founded on a solid basis. Probably one will exist about the same time that Professor Levi's Council of Arbitration does any work worthy of its high aims.

The Law of Torts appears to be a fascinating subject. Its latest expositor is Mr. Ringwood, who republishes in a small volume the substance of the lectures delivered by him under the auspices of the Incorporated Law Society. His arrangement is much as usual, except that he puts Slander and Libel in a chapter by themselves, after the general topics of torts to property, negligence, and fraud, instead of in their natural place, as part of or immediately after torts to the person. The book is not very full—the tremendous and arduous subject of negligence, for instance, being disposed of in less than thirty pages, and that although the doctrine of invitation and the complications introduced where there is a question of contract as well puzzle Mr. Ringwood as they have puzzled every one, especially since the remarkable decision of the Court of Appeal in the famous case of *Heaven v. Pender*, and the still more remarkable judgment therein of the Master of the Rolls. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Ringwood does not attempt to define a tort, although he begins his treatise with several pages of suitable observations from which a young man might gather a fair general idea of what kind of thing a tort is. The book is not exhaustive anywhere, but it is sufficiently careful and correct so far as it goes. In some cases it is possible to imagine a better arrangement of the topics. Thus in the chapter on Libel the case of *The Capital and Counties Bank v. Henty* is mentioned under the head "Intention of person using the words," which is surely just where it should not be. The House of Lords refused to consider the question of the defendant's intention in the light of the effect which his words were certain to have, and in fact had, and held that, as the words themselves were the simple expression of a lawful intention—namely, not to take cheques drawn on the branches of the plaintiffs' bank—the plaintiffs could not recover. "Special damages" is an odd expression.

It is not everybody who has to sue the Crown. Anybody who does so in future will have his labours, or the labours of his legal advisers, greatly diminished by the careful work on the Petitions of Right before and after the Act of 1860 which Mr. Clode has given to the world. His historical examination of the topic is elaborate, but not too much so, considering that there is no other book, or no other of any note, on the subject. Nevertheless, the most practically useful part of it will probably be the second, which contains the Act, with notes, and the forms, rules, and so forth, whereby the practice under it is regulated. An appendix contains the return of petitions of right tried from the passing of the Act of 1860 till 1876. It is remarkable what a small proportion of these cases have proceeded to judgment on either side. Mr. Clode's book is a thoroughly good piece of work.

Mr. Thomas Brett is of opinion that the decisions of Courts of Equity have for many years last past been of an importance, the proportion of which to the importance of the older decisions has rapidly and continuously increased, and he is quite right. He has therefore written a text-book on this rather wide subject, and "the form of leading cases has been selected, as best calculated to interest the reader and impress the modern doctrines on the minds alike of students and practitioners." This is aiming at too wide an object. Nobody "reads" a book about leading cases in equity simply to improve his mind. Practitioners do not "read" law books at all, but only refer to them. Students remain; and their reason for reading a law book is to get up the subject for examination. Mr. Brett's book is really intended for students. Practitioners who have to inform themselves as to details prefer books of more detail than this. Even for students one would have expected a book on so large a subject to be much bigger. There are about eighty leading cases. Each of them has a "summary of facts" in large print, rather shorter than an average head-note to an equity case in any of the principal current reports. Then follows a short account of the judgment in the case, and notes, the whole occupying, as a rule, less than five octavo pages. For instance, the cases on misrepresentation, marshalled under the title of *Redgrave v. Hurd*, barely fill six pages. The book is, in fact, superficial. It does not follow that no students will find it useful, but it is to be feared that no one else will. The book has one fault which is always serious, but especially so in a student's manual. There is no table of contents.

The number of men who know much about *Mandamus*, *Quo Warranto*, *Prohibition*, and *Informations* is small, yet the importance of these mighty engines of the Queen's Bench Division can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Shortt has performed a work of great utility in collecting the available learning on these topics in a single volume, the more so because, as he justly points out, recent changes in procedure have served to increase—which was hardly necessary—the obscurity shrouding these high matters from the gaze of the ordinary lawyer. Mr. Shortt's book is emphatically one for practitioners. It is long, copious, learned, clearly written, and well arranged. Its practical value must depend a good deal upon the index, and that is a thing the merit of which a reviewer cannot satisfactorily test. As far as academic

* *The Theory of Law and Civil Society.* By Augustus Pulszky (Dr. Juris), Professor of Law at the Royal Hungarian University of Budapest, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

International Law; with Materials for a Code of International Law. By Leone Levi, F.S.A., F.S.S., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Commercial Law in King's College, London. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Outlines of the Law of Torts. By Richard Ringwood, Esq., M.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Principles of Bankruptcy" &c. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Law and Practice of Petition of Right under the Petitions of Right Act, 1860; with Forms and an Appendix. By Walter Clode, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Clowes & Sons.

Leading Cases in Modern Equity. By Thomas Brett, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of Brett's "Bankruptcy Act" &c. London: Clowes & Sons.

Informations (Criminal and Quo Warranto), Mandamus, and Prohibition. By John Shortt, LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law relating to Works of Literature and Art." London: Clowes & Sons.

A Digest of the Law of Libel and Slander. By W. Blake Odgers, M.A., LL.D., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

A Treatise upon the Law of Principal and Agent in Contract and Tort. By William Evans, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Maxwell & Son. 1888.

Guide for Candidates for the Professions of Barrister and Solicitor. By Joseph A. Shearwood, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law Student's Annual" &c. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

Beeton's Law Book: Everybody's Lawyer; comprising nearly 15,000 Statements of the Law. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1888.

My Lawyer. By A. Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Every Man's Own Lawyer." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

observation can go, Mr. Shortt's appears to be rather good. Appendices contain forms which will probably be found useful—especially the forms of Informations, and the Crown Office Rules of 1886. Altogether, the book is necessary to the common lawyer's complete library.

Dr. Odgers's well-known and excellent work on Slander and Libel has reached a second edition. The additions it contains deal with the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act, 1881, and with Injunctions, which by the modern practice are not infrequently granted in the Chancery Division in cases of libel. Dr. Odgers adds "and slander," but this is not common, and he quotes only one case of an injunction not to utter slanders (*Hill v. Hart-Davies*, 21 Ch. D. 798). These cases are nearly all what may be called commercial—i.e. libels of goods, or of a man in his business, and the like. Dr. Odgers has the courage to argue, which he does at some length and with great skill, that the whole practice of granting interlocutory injunctions to restrain the publication of defamatory statements is an unconstitutional innovation, and ought to be abandoned. His observations merit the close attention of Chancery judges. He quotes, oddly enough, as an instance of this abuse, the case of *Lytton v. Devey* and Others, in which Vice-Chancellor Bacon restrained the publication of letters by the person whose property they were, at the instance of the writer's executor, and he asks in a note "Is not this reviving the censorship of the press?" *Lytton v. Devey* was a case of pure copyright, and had nothing whatever to do with libel; and it is not easy to imagine any question more remote from it than that of censorship of the press. The chapter on the Act of 1881 is good, and in particular contains some most valuable observations upon the clause in Section 2 whereby any words in a report of a public meeting in order to be privileged must be such that their publication is for the public benefit. This clause, as explained in *Pankhurst v. Sowler*, is, as Dr. Odgers rightly observes, "a most important safeguard" of private reputations, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the House of Lords will so amend their amendment of the corresponding clause of the Libel Law Amendment Bill as to be sure that they will effect no alteration in this respect. The chapter on Blasphemous Libel has been rewritten. Dr. Odgers is of opinion that the law was correctly stated by Lord Coleridge in *Reg. v. Ramsay and Foote*. He considers it necessary to enforce his argument by observing that it would not be convenient to enforce the stricter view of the law, whereby the publication of certain opinions contrary to Christianity is a blasphemous libel irrespective of the manner of the publication. Perhaps some day the question may be determined by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. At present it can only be said that the law is doubtful, and may probably be decided different ways by different judges.

We have also received a second edition of Mr. Evans's book on Principal and Agent. This is a very good book, and the second edition appears to be worthy of the first. It would look better if it trusted more to its own merits and less to extracts from favourable reviews, printed with remarkable ostentation and typographical exaggerations in the waste space at the beginning of the volume.

Mr. Sherwood's guide for young men anxious to become barristers or solicitors, of which a second edition is published, is what it professes to be. It tells them a number of things—such as what are the fees of the Inns of Court—which they would otherwise have to find out for themselves. It also contains such useful information as that "there are more men at the common law than at the chancery bar." The second half of the volume consists of exceedingly vague, and by no means invariably judicious, hints as to the best manner of preparing to face examiners.

Two books of a meaner sort complete our list. *My Lawyer* is said to be by a Barrister-at-Law, who is not content with the fame of having compiled a similar work called *Every Man's Own Lawyer*. The author of *Everybody's Lawyer* hides his glory in anonymity, but, to make up for it, his work is further entitled *Beeton's Law Book*. It is a shabby, ill-printed affair, containing some thirteen thousand numbered paragraphs, each purporting to convey some proposition of law, but not conveying one. *Everybody's Lawyer* gives no references. On opening it at random we read at the top of the page "Executor and Administrators," underneath "Acts of Kindness, 4,347. Directing the Funeral." Perhaps *My Lawyer*, aiming at being more select, is a trifle better. It contains a few references and a great many blunders. Below the title on the cover are the words "or a . . . to English law" surrounding a large picture of a key.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT.*

THIS handsome folio volume consists of about forty photolithographs from a series of pen-and-ink drawings executed by the holder of one of the R.L.B.A. travelling studentships, which in a somewhat meagre way represent in this country the valuable *prix de Rome* of the French *École des Beaux Arts*. Mr. Oakeshott has evidently made good use of his time and opportunities; his drawings are executed with a good deal of spirit, and, though miscellaneous in character, the subjects have been selected with judgment. He has wisely limited his choice, for the most part, to one class of artistic design—that of Florence

and Northern Italy from about 1430 to 1530, a period during which decorative sculpture of the most perfect kind, both in design and execution, was produced throughout the northern half of Italy. In this culminating period of Italian art, as in earlier times, architecture and sculpture were not regarded as two quite separate arts, to be practised by men with completely different aims and systems of training, as is unfortunately the case now; but the same hand which planned the general lines and masses of a building or monument also designed, and probably carried out, its richly sculptured ornaments. Thus there was no lack of unity and general harmony in the whole result, and neither part was sacrificed to the other. Nothing could be more artistically perfect than the way in which the richest surface relief is applied to decorate without confusing the main lines of such a structure as the wonderful porch of S. Maria dei Miracoli at Brescia—perhaps the most minutely rich piece of architectural ornament in Italy. Such a perfect combination of two arts could never be produced except by one who was equally skilled both as architect and sculptor. And further, in this, as in many other works of the same kind, a delicate refinement of execution is very noticeable, which is due to the fact that the architect-sculptor who produced this marble gem was also a goldsmith, and therefore trained in the manipulation of the precious metals, and in the use of that minutely rich detail which comes naturally to a real artist when he is dealing with gold or silver.

Mr. Oakeshott not only gives drawings of buildings and such monumental sculpture as Luca della Robbia's lovely singing-gallery, and Mino da Fiésole's tombs, but he has also sketched some very graceful examples of wood and metal fittings. His drawing of the carved and inlaid rood-screen in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore at Bergamo, though far too small in scale, gives one a good notion of this beautiful specimen of the mediæval screens which once existed in every important church in Italy, and now unhappily are of extreme rarity. This lovely screen consists of a series of arches supported on delicate pillars, inlaid with boxwood, and enriched with panels and friezes designed with the most perfect grace of flowing line and exquisite gem-like minuteness of detail—the very crown of the first, the fifteenth century, stage of the Renaissance. In date this is one of the last of the Italian rood-screens. Half a century later Giorgio Vasari and other architects of the rapidly growing decadence were beginning to remove the splendid old screens out of all the principal churches, both secular and monastic, and were rearranging the choirs in the modern tasteless fashion which one sees throughout Italy. This was the first appearance of that wretched desire for a so-called *vista*, which in the present century has devastated most of our English cathedrals by a similar destruction of the great organ-carrying choir-screens on which depended so much of the apparent scale and majestic effect of the interior of the building.

Mr. Oakeshott's drawings are not merely pretty sketches, but, being mostly measured and illustrated with sections of the mouldings, are of a serious and practical value to the architectural student. Rightly used, such books as these may do much to form or improve the taste of a young architect—unfortunately, they are usually not rightly used, but treated simply as "cribs," from which to steal ornamental features, thus saving the architect that care and minute thoughtfulness on which the real artistic value of a building must always depend.

LIFE AND LABOUR.*

IN *Life and Labour* Dr. Smiles describes the lives and labours of innumerable great, or at all events remarkable, men, noting especially their personal habits, methods of work, helps and hindrances, and so forth. The book reminds us of Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* or Southey's *Commonplace Book*. It is a somewhat wooden piece of bookmaking, being neither a biographical dictionary nor a treatise on ethics, but something between the two. That elusive quality known as genius is thoroughly discussed from the hereditary point of view, and a long and curious list of men of genius is given, in order to prove that genius belongs to no rank or class—albeit the whole chapter goes to prove that, as all other qualities are hereditary, genius must be transmissible, and must run in families, like the rest, but that it is subject to the strange law that "men of genius are for the most part childless." Of many of them we may say with La Bruyère, "These men have neither ancestors nor posterity, they alone compose their whole race." A chapter on "Over-Brain Work" confirms the truth of the diagnosis of that eminent physiologist, Mr. Robert Sawyer. "The stomach is the primary cause," is the real solution of all the lamentable histories of failure from overwork which are here diligently collected. Carlyle sitting smoking in his night-shirt in the back yard while "the half moon, clear as silver, looked out as from eternity, and the great dawn was streaming up," may stand as a type or emblem of the dyspeptic, sleepless, overwrought man of letters. The subject of sleeplessness naturally leads to that of narcotics, a remedy which in most cases proves worse than the disease. The only method by which the bodily functions can be kept in working order is by taking regular exercise, and one of the great drawbacks of modern town life is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of exercise in the open air. A horse is a considerable

* *Detail and Ornament of the Italian Renaissance*. Drawn by C. J. Oakeshott. London: Batsford. 1888.

* *Life and Labour*. By S. Smiles, LL.D. London: John Murray. 1888.

complaint is that Mr. Woodgate might have said more on the general management of a boat. Perhaps he was restrained by the conviction that no amount of written instruction can teach a man how to do a thing with his limbs. No doubt this is true enough, and every writer on sport repeats it; but none the less it is not the whole truth. Whoever has had an oar or a pair of sculls in his hands will, if he reads Mr. Woodgate, understand the use of them better than he did before, if he is a "duffer." If he is an accomplished oarsman, he will still enjoy hearing the sound principles of his art properly laid down, and it is possible that even he may profit by his reading.

BOOKS CONCERNING LAW.*

DR. PULSZKY, who is not only Professor of Law at the University of Budapest, but also a member of the Hungarian Parliament, publishes in a single volume the substance of "several courses of lectures" delivered by him "during the past ten years." The resulting book, which he has written in excellent English, is a mine of closely packed researches and reflections upon an exceedingly wide range of subjects, all of the most profound importance. Here you may find succinctly set forth what Plato and Aristotle meant by States, what sorts of things are meant by such words as "society," and what may be supposed to be the agencies in them of higher social development. Moreover, there is much information concerning the juridical speculations of Rousseau, Spinoza, Hobbes, Puffendorf, and other investigators of equally divergent philosophies. Dr. Pulszky, in short, roams at his own sweet will across and across the boundless prairies of jurisprudence, and conclusively proves himself to be a person of wide reading and remarkable industry. He is, however, a diffusive, rather than a precise, philosopher, and his language here and there is sufficiently grandiose to raise a smile in the student who reads him in the delusive hope of finding something capable of being utilized for the base purposes of examination. While his work is eminently one for the study, it is by no means one for the common student. It is a treatise upon the elements of jurisprudence, and possibly may some day claim our attention in that capacity. This acknowledgment of its existence is all that can properly be made in this place.

The late Professor Leone Levi was long known as an enthusiast in the study of international law, properly and (especially) improperly so called. His last work on the subject is an endeavour to make it, or some of it, into a code—or rather to suggest how it might be codified. The suggested code would, it seems, consist partly of loosely-worded generalities, to be enacted, presumably, by anybody who chose to take the trouble, and partly of existing treaties between different States, which are binding on the contracting parties only, and on them only as long as they choose, or as long as one can compel or persuade the other to observe them. Here are one or two of the proposed articles of the code, taken at random:—"A State includes all its colonies and dependencies"; "Every nation has a right of fishing on the high sea"; "The powers of an ambassador are always revocable." There is an elaborate scheme for setting up an international Council of Arbitration, the judgments of which are to supersede war. A rule will be made at the same time that "no belligerent has a right to destroy the great features of nature, to choke up the avenues by which population communicate [sic] with the world without, and to deprive mariners of ports of refuge from the perils of the sea." The following Article, No. 478 of the code, says "The end of war is peace." Incidentally Professor Levi gives a good deal of tabulated information about population, acreage, dates, and so on, which is

mostly to be found elsewhere, but may always be useful. It is the best, and the only practical, part of the book. The introduction contains some heresies about "natural law" and cognate expressions of opinion, such as that war "is incompatible with the high dictates of religion," and that "no empire which exists by force can be said to have its public law founded on a solid basis." This last may be true; and, if so, we can only regret that the world does not at present boast, and never has boasted, an empire with its public law founded on a solid basis. Probably one will exist about the same time that Professor Levi's Council of Arbitration does any work worthy of its high aims.

The Law of Torts appears to be a fascinating subject. Its latest expositor is Mr. Ringwood, who republishes in a small volume the substance of the lectures delivered by him under the auspices of the Incorporated Law Society. His arrangement is much as usual, except that he puts Slander and Libel in a chapter by themselves, after the general topics of torts to property, negligence, and fraud, instead of in their natural place, as part of or immediately after torts to the person. The book is not very full—the tremendous and arduous subject of negligence, for instance, being disposed of in less than thirty pages, and that although the doctrine of invitation and the complications introduced where there is a question of contract as well puzzle Mr. Ringwood as they have puzzled every one, especially since the remarkable decision of the Court of Appeal in the famous case of *Heaven v. Pender*, and the still more remarkable judgment therein of the Master of the Rolls. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Ringwood does not attempt to define a tort, although he begins his treatise with several pages of suitable observations from which a young man might gather a fair general idea of what kind of thing a tort is. The book is not exhaustive anywhere, but it is sufficiently careful and correct so far as it goes. In some cases it is possible to imagine a better arrangement of the topics. Thus in the chapter on Libel the case of *The Capital and Counties Bank v. Henty* is mentioned under the head "Intention of person using the words," which is surely just where it should not be. The House of Lords refused to consider the question of the defendant's intention in the light of the effect which his words were certain to have, and in fact had, and held that, as the words themselves were the simple expression of a lawful intention—namely, not to take cheques drawn on the branches of the plaintiffs' bank—the plaintiffs could not recover. "Special damages" is an odd expression.

It is not everybody who has to sue the Crown. Anybody who does so in future will have his labours, or the labours of his legal advisers, greatly diminished by the careful work on the Petitions of Right before and after the Act of 1860 which Mr. Clode has given to the world. His historical examination of the topic is elaborate, but not too much so, considering that there is no other book, or no other of any note, on the subject. Nevertheless, the most practically useful part of it will probably be the second, which contains the Act, with notes, and the forms, rules, and so forth, whereby the practice under it is regulated. An appendix contains the return of petitions of right tried from the passing of the Act of 1860 till 1876. It is remarkable what a small proportion of these cases have proceeded to judgment on either side. Mr. Clode's book is a thoroughly good piece of work.

Mr. Thomas Brett is of opinion that the decisions of Courts of Equity have for many years last past been of an importance, the proportion of which to the importance of the older decisions has rapidly and continuously increased, and he is quite right. He has therefore written a text-book on this rather wide subject, and "the form of leading cases has been selected, as best calculated to interest the reader and impress the modern doctrines on the minds alike of students and practitioners." This is aiming at too wide an object. Nobody "reads" a book about leading cases in equity simply to improve his mind. Practitioners do not "read" law books at all, but only refer to them. Students remain; and their reason for reading a law book is to get up the subject for examination. Mr. Brett's book is really intended for students. Practitioners who have to inform themselves as to details prefer books of more detail than this. Even for students one would have expected a book on so large a subject to be much bigger. There are about eighty leading cases. Each of them has a "summary of facts" in large print, rather shorter than an average head-note to an equity case in any of the principal current reports. Then follows a short account of the judgment in the case, and notes, the whole occupying, as a rule, less than five octavo pages. For instance, the cases on misrepresentation, marshalled under the title of *Redgrave v. Hurd*, barely fill six pages. The book is, in fact, superficial. It does not follow that no students will find it useful, but it is to be feared that no one else will. The book has one fault which is always serious, but especially so in a student's manual. There is no table of contents.

The number of men who know much about *Mandamus*, *Quo Warranto*, *Prohibition*, and *Informations* is small, yet the importance of these mighty engines of the Queen's Bench Division can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Shortt has performed a work of great utility in collecting the available learning on these topics in a single volume, the more so because, as he justly points out, recent changes in procedure have served to increase—which was hardly necessary—the obscurity shrouding these high matters from the gaze of the ordinary lawyer. Mr. Shortt's book is emphatically one for practitioners. It is long, copious, learned, clearly written, and well arranged. Its practical value must depend a good deal upon the index, and that is a thing the merit of which a reviewer cannot satisfactorily test. As far as academic

* *The Theory of Law and Civil Society*. By Augustus Pulszky (Dr. Juris), Professor of Law at the Royal Hungarian University of Budapest, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

International Law; with Materials for a Code of International Law. By Leone Levi, F.S.A., F.S.S., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Commercial Law in King's College, London. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Outlines of the Law of Torts. By Richard Ringwood, Esq., M.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Principles of Bankruptcy" &c. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Law and Practice of Petition of Right under the Petitions of Right Act, 1860; with Forms and an Appendix. By Walter Clode, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Clowes & Sons.

Leading Cases in Modern Equity. By Thomas Brett, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of Brett's "Bankruptcy Act" &c. London: Clowes & Sons.

Informations (Criminal and Quo Warranto), Mandamus, and Prohibition. By John Shortt, LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law relating to Works of Literature and Art." London: Clowes & Sons.

A Digest of the Law of Libel and Slander. By W. Blake Odgers, M.A., LL.D., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

A Treatise upon the Law of Principal and Agent in Contract and Tort. By William Evans, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Maxwell & Son. 1888.

Guide for Candidates for the Professions of Barrister and Solicitor. By Joseph A. Shearwood, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law Student's Annual" &c. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

Benton's Law Book: Everybody's Lawyer; comprising nearly 15,000 Statements of the Law. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1888.

My Lawyer. By A Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Every Man's Own Lawyer." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

observation can go, Mr. Shortt's appears to be rather good. Appendices contain forms which will probably be found useful—especially the forms of Informations, and the Crown Office Rules of 1886. Altogether, the book is necessary to the common lawyer's complete library.

Dr. Odgers's well-known and excellent work on Slander and Libel has reached a second edition. The additions it contains deal with the Newspaper Libel and Registration Act, 1881, and with Injunctions, which by the modern practice are not infrequently granted in the Chancery Division in cases of libel. Dr. Odgers adds "and slander," but this is not common, and he quotes only one case of an injunction not to utter slanders (*Hill v. Hart-Davies*, 21 Ch. D. 798). These cases are nearly all what may be called commercial—i.e. libels of goods, or of a man in his business, and the like. Dr. Odgers has the courage to argue, which he does at some length and with great skill, that the whole practice of granting interlocutory injunctions to restrain the publication of defamatory statements is an unconstitutional innovation, and ought to be abandoned. His observations merit the close attention of Chancery judges. He quotes, oddly enough, as an instance of this abuse, the case of *Lytton v. Devey* and Others, in which Vice-Chancellor Bacon restrained the publication of letters by the person whose property they were, at the instance of the writer's executor, and he asks in a note "Is not this reviving the censorship of the press?" *Lytton v. Devey* was a case of pure copyright, and had nothing whatever to do with libel; and it is not easy to imagine any question more remote from it than that of censorship of the press. The chapter on the Act of 1881 is good, and in particular contains some most valuable observations upon the clause in Section 2 whereby any words in a report of a public meeting in order to be privileged must be such that their publication is for the public benefit. This clause, as explained in *Pankhurst v. Sowler*, is, as Dr. Odgers rightly observes, "a most important safeguard" of private reputations, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the House of Lords will so amend their amendment of the corresponding clause of the Libel Law Amendment Bill as to be sure that they will effect no alteration in this respect. The chapter on Blasphemous Libel has been rewritten. Dr. Odgers is of opinion that the law was correctly stated by Lord Coleridge in *Reg. v. Ramsay and Foote*. He considers it necessary to enforce his argument by observing that it would not be convenient to enforce the stricter view of the law, whereby the publication of certain opinions contrary to Christianity is a blasphemous libel irrespective of the manner of the publication. Perhaps some day the question may be determined by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. At present it can only be said that the law is doubtful, and may probably be decided different ways by different judges.

We have also received a second edition of Mr. Evans's book on Principal and Agent. This is a very good book, and the second edition appears to be worthy of the first. It would look better if it trusted more to its own merits and less to extracts from favourable reviews, printed with remarkable ostentation and typographical exaggerations in the waste space at the beginning of the volume.

Mr. Sherwood's guide for young men anxious to become barristers or solicitors, of which a second edition is published, is what it professes to be. It tells them a number of things—such as what are the fees of the Inns of Court—which they would otherwise have to find out for themselves. It also contains such useful information as that "there are more men at the common law than at the chancery bar." The second half of the volume consists of exceedingly vague, and by no means invariably judicious, hints as to the best manner of preparing to face examiners.

Two books of a meaner sort complete our list. *My Lawyer* is said to be by a Barrister-at-Law, who is not content with the fame of having compiled a similar work called *Every Man's Own Lawyer*. The author of *Everybody's Lawyer* hides his glory in anonymity, but, to make up for it, his work is further entitled *Beeton's Law Book*. It is a shabby, ill-printed affair, containing some thirteen thousand numbered paragraphs, each purporting to convey some proposition of law, but not conveying one. *Everybody's Lawyer* gives no references. On opening it at random we read at the top of the page "Executor and Administrators," underneath "Acts of Kindness, 4,347. Directing the Funeral." Perhaps *My Lawyer*, aiming at being more select, is a trifle better. It contains a few references and a great many blunders. Below the title on the cover are the words "or a . . . to English law" surrounding a large picture of a key.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT.*

THIS handsome folio volume consists of about forty photographs from a series of pen-and-ink drawings executed by the holder of one of the R.I.B.A. travelling studentships, which in a somewhat meagre way represent in this country the valuable *prix de Rome* of the French École des Beaux Arts. Mr. Oakeshott has evidently made good use of his time and opportunities; his drawings are executed with a good deal of spirit, and, though miscellaneous in character, the subjects have been selected with judgment. He has wisely limited his choice, for the most part, to one class of artistic design—that of Florence

and Northern Italy from about 1430 to 1530, a period during which decorative sculpture of the most perfect kind, both in design and execution, was produced throughout the northern half of Italy. In this culminating period of Italian art, as in earlier times, architecture and sculpture were not regarded as two quite separate arts, to be practised by men with completely different aims and systems of training, as is unfortunately the case now; but the same hand which planned the general lines and masses of a building or monument also designed, and probably carried out, its richly sculptured ornaments. Thus there was no lack of unity and general harmony in the whole result, and neither part was sacrificed to the other. Nothing could be more artistically perfect than the way in which the richest surface relief is applied to decorate without confusing the main lines of such a structure as the wonderful porch of S. Maria dei Miracoli at Brescia—perhaps the most minutely rich piece of architectural ornament in Italy. Such a perfect combination of two arts could never be produced except by one who was equally skilled both as architect and sculptor. And further, in this, as in many other works of the same kind, a delicate refinement of execution is very noticeable, which is due to the fact that the architect-sculptor who produced this marble gem was also a goldsmith, and therefore trained in the manipulation of the precious metals, and in the use of that minutely rich detail which comes naturally to a real artist when he is dealing with gold or silver.

Mr. Oakeshott not only gives drawings of buildings and such monumental sculpture as Luca della Robbia's lovely singing-gallery, and Mino da Fiesole's tombs, but he has also sketched some very graceful examples of wood and metal fittings. His drawing of the carved and inlaid rood-screen in the Church of S. Maria Maggiore at Bergamo, though far too small in scale, gives one a good notion of this beautiful specimen of the mediæval screens which once existed in every important church in Italy, and now unhappily are of extreme rarity. This lovely screen consists of a series of arches supported on delicate pillars, inlaid with boxwood, and enriched with panels and friezes designed with the most perfect grace of flowing line and exquisite gem-like minuteness of detail—the very crown of the first, the fifteenth century, stage of the Renaissance. In date this is one of the last of the Italian rood-screens. Half a century later Giorgio Vasari and other architects of the rapidly growing decadence were beginning to remove the splendid old screens out of all the principal churches, both secular and monastic, and were rearranging the choirs in the modern tasteless fashion which one sees throughout Italy. This was the first appearance of that wretched desire for a so-called *vista*, which in the present century has devastated most of our English cathedrals by a similar destruction of the great organ-carrying choir-screens on which depended so much of the apparent scale and majestic effect of the interior of the building.

Mr. Oakeshott's drawings are not merely pretty sketches, but, being mostly measured and illustrated with sections of the mouldings, are of a serious and practical value to the architectural student. Rightly used, such books as these may do much to form or improve the taste of a young architect—unfortunately, they are usually not rightly used, but treated simply as "cribs," from which to steal ornamental features, thus saving the architect that care and minute thoughtfulness on which the real artistic value of a building must always depend.

LIFE AND LABOUR.*

IN *Life and Labour* Dr. Smiles describes the lives and labours of innumerable great, or at all events remarkable, men, noting especially their personal habits, methods of work, helps and hindrances, and so forth. The book reminds us of Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature* or Southey's *Commonplace Book*. It is a somewhat wooden piece of bookmaking, being neither a biographical dictionary nor a treatise on ethics, but something between the two. That elusive quality known as genius is thoroughly discussed from the hereditary point of view, and a long and curious list of men of genius is given, in order to prove that genius belongs to no rank or class—albeit the whole chapter goes to prove that, as all other qualities are hereditary, genius must be transmissible, and must run in families, like the rest, but that it is subject to the strange law that "men of genius are for the most part childless." Of many of them we may say with La Bruyère, "These men have neither ancestors nor posterity, they alone compose their whole race." A chapter on "Over-Brain Work" confirms the truth of the diagnosis of that eminent physiologist, Mr. Robert Sawyer. "The stomach is the primary cause," is the real solution of all the lamentable histories of failure from overwork which are here diligently collected. Carlyle sitting smoking in his night-shirt in the back yard while "the half moon, clear as silver, looked out as from eternity, and the great dawn was streaming up," may stand as a type or emblem of the dyspeptic, sleepless, overwrought man of letters. The subject of sleeplessness naturally leads to that of narcotics, a remedy which in most cases proves worse than the disease. The only method by which the bodily functions can be kept in working order is by taking regular exercise, and one of the great drawbacks of modern town life is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of exercise in the open air. A horse is a considerable

* *Detail and Ornament of the Italian Renaissance*. Drawn by C. J. Oakeshott. London: Batsford. 1888.

* *Life and Labour*. By S. Smiles, LL.D. London: John Murray. 1888.

expense, besides which, it is not given to every one to be able to ride; an elderly student can hardly be expected to mount a bicycle, and the boredom of aimless solitary walks for health's sake is, to most men, too great to be endured. One should have a hobby—an amusement for one's leisure hours. Few sights are more pitiable than a millionaire, whose whole soul is in his office, endeavouring to enjoy a holiday. He does not know how to do it, and feels so painful a sense of inferiority when he attempts any out-of-door amusement that personal pride, and the consciousness that in his own line he is a better man than any of the gay young athletes in flannels whom he sees exercising their muscles, tend to confine him to reading newspapers and novels, and eating and drinking more than is good for him.

On the other hand, it is consoling to note the mass of examples by which Dr. Smiles proves that the best men are those who do the most work. We have no space to quote even the names of the men whose robust hunger of work kept them in harness until the extreme end of unusually long lives. In contrast to these "great old men" there is a chapter on "great young men," among whom we may notice Napoleon's generals, and in which we find a long list of precocious children, some of whom did great things, but most of whom died early.

No character perhaps excites such universal interest as the man of genius

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breathes the blows of circumstance,
And struggles with his evil star

until he becomes great and renowned. It is encouraging to find plenty of such men's lives briefly noticed here, and also an appalling number of naughty schoolboys who afterwards became distinguished men. We may here quote a characteristic passage of the author's method of stringing together moral commonplaces. "Suffering," says he, "is a heavy plough driven by an iron hand, it cuts deeply into the rebellious soil, but opens it up to the fertilizing influences of nature, and often ends in the richest crops. Even antagonism of the most active kind is one of man's greatest blessings. It evokes strength, perseverance, and energy of character. Thus our antagonist becomes our helper. Men may be plucky, but pluck without perseverance is a poor thing. Emotions which live and die as emotions add very little to human regeneration. It is only by constant effort, even in the midst of failures, that the greatest things are accomplished. 'Failures,' says the Welsh proverb, 'are the pillars of success.'"

In its concluding chapters the book has some likeness (putting aside altogether the trifling fact that Burton was a man of letters and Dr. Smiles is not) to Burton's *Anatomy*, and, should it be used by schoolmasters as a prize-book, we imagine that it would prove as useful to boys for the composition of "themes" as Captain Shandon found the other great repertory of learning for that of leading articles. It is indeed, rather, a book to dip into than one to read continuously; it is necessarily somewhat jerky and disconnected, aiming as it does at the establishment of a few general principles by the collection of numberless examples. It is well and clearly printed, in a handy shape, and the passage with which we take leave of it is the only one in which we have noticed a misprint. "Cowper, the poet, described the Rev. William Bull, the dissenting minister of Olney, as 'a man of letters and of genius, one who can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection.' 'But,' he added, 'he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect. Nihil est ab omnia, (sic) parte beatum.'"

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WITHOUT being pharisaical, we think we may claim for ourselves a sufficiently untainted Unionist reputation to entitle us to acknowledge something more than a sneaking kindness for John Mitchel. He was a traitor, no doubt; and he well deserved hanging instead of transportation. He was rather a bloodthirsty traitor, too, at least on paper; and though the celebrated "vitriol" suggestion in the *United Irishman* does not seem to have been his, he made others not much better. That his escape from Van Diemen's Land was effected in a grossly dishonourable manner, made worse by the farce he played in order verbally to satisfy honour, is a proposition which shocks Mr. Dillon, but which, it is almost sufficient to say, has been prac-

tically endorsed by two such in this case decisive authorities as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P. He hated England with a hatred which did not merely border on but crossed very far the confines of madness. He could when he chose, and he did, indulge with the worst in that flatulent and pestilent rant which seems to have on Irishmen the same effect as bad whisky. These are all sufficiently bad things. On the other hand, Mitchel seems to us to have been, with the possible exception of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the one and only Irish leader who deserves the praises of highmindedness put forward for the whole crew, from Wolfe Tone to John Dillon (by the way, it is not John Dillon who writes this book, though he contributes a silly letter to it, but Mr. William Dillon, apparently an American gentleman, and for his kind a very good sort of man). Neither greed, nor personal ambition, nor vanity, nor envy of others, seems to have had the least part in Mitchel's anti-English mania. Further, he was absolutely sincere and consistent, and, unlike the majority of Irishmen, carried out his principles in America by resisting, not by conniving at and fighting for, the imposition of a "Union" on the minority by the majority. Also he had many private merits. "He loved Sir Walter Scott," and a man who loves Sir Walter Scott can never be wholly bad. He understood and was understood by Carlyle. He had, when he hated "Carthage" (a term which he seems to have found some inexplicable enjoyment in applying to Great Britain) was out of his mind, and sometimes even when it was in it, real humour. His *Jail Journal* frequently shows something not far from genius. Except in that unlucky matter of the escape from Tasmania, where he seems to have argued himself into believing that the above referred to farcical discharge of his parole was a good and sufficient release, he never did anything dirty. We should, we repeat, have hanged or shot him, if it had fallen to our lot in the discharge of our duty, without the smallest hesitation. But we should have had considerable respect for him, and, if he had not been too much on his anti-Carthaginian high horse to accept the hand of a minion of tyranny, we should not at all have minded shaking hands with him before giving the word. Now we cannot say that of a single living leader of Irish Nationalism.

Of such a man, with an eventful life to record, with the *Journal* and many letters to draw upon, it could not be very difficult to write a good Life, and Mr. Dillon has written, on the whole, a very good one. His views are not ours; but, unlike some persons who make more profession of liberality, or at least of Liberalism, we are not in the habit of insisting that everybody shall agree with us. We cannot, indeed, give Mr. Dillon leave to differ on the question of Mitchel's Tasmanian evasion (in the French and English senses both); but elsewhere there is nothing to quarrel with, and the picture of Mitchel himself given is decidedly interesting, though undoubtedly a melancholy one. Here was a man of far more than ordinary ability (his newspaper and other rant gives absolutely no idea of the humour, vigour, and freshness displayed in the letters and the saner parts of the *Journal*) and in many ways of excellent disposition and moral character, with no "wrongs" of any kind, even the most fanciful, to avenge (for it is needless to say that he had no Celtic blood in him), with a free country offering every career to him freely, so that he might if he liked have become a Wolseley, a Cairns, or at least a Croker. And this man, out of pure wrongheadedness and the action of the metaphysical curse which broods over Ireland, advocated courses which, even putting their wickedness aside, could only have reduced his country to misery, wrecked his own career, became a kind of Ishmael (for he fared little better in America than in Britain), and died having effected absolutely nothing, and having seen two causes which he had championed with passion utterly lost. Of all the drunken helots of recent political history, commend us to John Mitchel. No greater service could be done to the right side than the writing of his Life.

Some, but by no means all, of the advantages popularly attributed to seeing ourselves as others see us may be discovered in Dr. Hassencamp's *History of Ireland from the Reformation to the Union*. The author, as becomes his nation, and profession (he is a gymnasium head-master), is laborious, on the whole accurate, and fairly well skilled in the technique of his business. We own that, if he has really studied the authorities he mentions in his note on the massacre of 1641, especially Miss Hickson's selections from the depositions, we cannot understand his scepticism as to that massacre, exaggerated as it may no doubt have been at the time. As to questions of argument rather than of fact Dr. Hassencamp meddles little; and this is just as well, for almost his opening remark fails to give us any very exalted idea of his historical judgment. After some disparaging observations (which he is quite entitled to make) on the actual course of British rule in Ireland, he writes:—"And yet that, under a politically rational treatment, the Irish would not have opposed either amalgamation or the introduction of British civilization is plainly evident from the very slight resistance they offered at the time of their primary subjection." Now we should confess that, as historical critics, we should lay down exactly the contrary proposition. A nation which makes a stout fight and is fairly beaten may amalgamate with its conqueror very well when the soreness is worn off. A nation which simply takes it lying down may let itself be "civilized" just as anybody pleases. But the features of the "very slight resistance" to Strongbow and Henry are exactly the features which make a long succession of diffi-

* *The Life of John Mitchel*. By William Dillon. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

The History of Ireland from the Reformation to the Union. By Dr. Hassencamp. Translated by E. A. Robinson, and annotated by the author. London: Sonnenschein. 1888.

Irish Legislative Systems. By the Right Hon. J. T. Ball. London: Longmans; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

Ireland in '98. Edited from the Unpublished Papers of R. R. Madden by J. B. Daly. London: Sonnenschein.

The Land System of Ireland. By W. O'Connor Morris. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

I. L. P. U. Pamphlets and Leaflets, 1887. London: I. L. P. U.

The Irish Union: Before and After. By A. K. Connell. London: Cassells.

Irish Minstrelsy. Edited by H. H. Sparling. London: Walter Scott. 1888.

Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland. Dublin: Gill. 1888.

The Blarney Ballads. By C. L. Graves. Illustrated by G. R. Hackett. London: Sonnenschein.

culties certain. If the Irish had not been radically deficient in many, and those the most important, of political faculties, the actual conquest could not have been effected as it was. However, Dr. Hassencamp does not often attempt to decide such matters, and confines himself, as we have said, chiefly to facts, where he is tolerably safe. His book does not supply, even in part, that really good history of Ireland which we shall one day read, in the land of the blue dahlia or on the *rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours*. But it also makes no addition to the numerous bad ones, and itself deserves something more than the praise of being indifferent good.

Dr. Ball's treatise would be said by some writers to be "twy-titled"; for on the first page, as a super-heading to that of the chapter, stands the phrase "The Parliament of Ireland." The actual title, however, suits the contents of the book better, inasmuch as they are rather a discussion of the powers and relations of the Parliament to the Imperial system than a mere history of its existence and action. We have seen some slight cast upon Dr. Ball, as though he had intended a Home Rule *plaidoyer* under guise of a dispassionate treatise; but this, besides being a very bad compliment to the strength of the Unionist case, is not, we think, at all justified by the facts. It is true that the somewhat summary mention of Poyning's law here rather inadequately represents the bearing of that statute on the question of the relations before and after—*de facto* and *de jure*—of the Irish Legislature and the Imperial Government; but we do not think it at all necessary to suspect any sinister motive in it. A more valid objection against the book would be that, in the old phrase, it "proves nothing." As the author himself in more than one place acknowledges, no general principles, either of philosophy or law, are applicable to the case; while the variation of actual status has been so great that a precedent may be pleaded for almost any relation. At the same time an historical discussion of the facts, well informed and tolerably unbiassed (we could not acquit Dr. Ball entirely in this respect, but he might be worse), is not valueless. We should ourselves say that the upshot was very much this:—Subordinate, equal, or united to another, the Irish Legislature, or part of a Legislature, has, with remarkable continuity, proved to be utterly unequal to its business, even as understood by itself.

Mr. Daly ends his preface by an assurance that he is not desirous of "inflaming the minds of any" by his redaction of the late Dr. Madden's materials, whereof he says with a cheerful confidence which the original author might not have relished that "the silk purse from the well-known bristly material is mild in comparison." A slightly different light may, however, be cast, not of course on his intentions, but on his performance, by the opening sentence of his introduction. This informs us that "The day has at last dawned, and the great clock of Time has chimed the quarter previous to the hour when the large heart of the English nation will be roused to concede rights long claimed by the Irish people, but hitherto denied by profligate and interested rulers." An anxiety to avoid "inflammation" would, moreover, hardly have suggested the insertion of plates exhibiting floggings, shooting of children, &c., from caricatures of the time, or remarks such as that "Lord Norbury for thirty years performed the triple rôle of bully, butcher, and buffoon." We do not find much that is new in this well-printed volume, which contains sketches of that talkative young firebrand, Robert Emmett; of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the most weak-minded of well-intentioned persons; of the traitors Wolfe Tone and Teeling; of that economical patriot, Mr. Hamilton Rowan, who drove ingenious bargains with the persons who had risked their lives and lost their property and liberty to save his by himself no doubt justly valued life, and of other heroes of '98. But the more that is known about these worthies the better, in whatever spirit it is related.

Mr. O'Connor Morris has reprinted in a small volume the article on the Land System of Ireland which he contributed recently to the *English Historical Review*. We cannot agree with him that the Act of 1831, even if left alone, could ever have resulted, except by the gradual triumph of the natural law over it, in a satisfactory settlement; but we agree very heartily with his contention that such a settlement is impossible if the Act is to be perpetually tinkered.

We cannot particularize the numerous pamphlets and leaflets which the I. L. P. U. has republished in a stout volume. It is enough to say that their original selection showed judgment and care, and that the volume will be found a storehouse of fact and argument on the right side.

Mr. Connell's little book on the history of the Union is brief, but sound on a subject on which the most astonishing folly and falsehood is now commonly talked. It may be well recommended.

Mr. Halliday Sparling would probably not pretend to impartiality in the tone of his introduction and notes to his *Irish Minstrelsy*; but in the actual collection he has drawn on both sides, though we do not notice any words to the tune of "Croppies Lie Down." In purely literary matter the exclusion of Moore for being a "musical box" would have, if it had any reason at all, necessitated the exclusion of much that is simply imitated from Moore. But, though little can be said for Mr. Sparling's criticism or his politics, the book is full and interesting. The morbid and hectic, but really poetical, vein of Mangan, the pinchbeck of Davis, the good Irish metal of Banim, Griffin, and Lover, the little tin pipes and whistles of the young ladies and gentlemen who have followed "Young Ireland," and the

noble old sterling of "Garryowen," "The Deserter," the "Groves of Blarney," and other things, make a sufficiently interesting museum of sufficiently attractive material.

The title of *Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland*, and an enthusiastic reference to the "clarion" (*lege* "tin trumpet") of Thomas Davis need not too much startle the timid Saxon. Except one or two inanities of Mr. John Todhunter's, and a harmless effort from a young lady who probably cherishes a lock of "Speranza's" hair, there is little or nothing that has even a smatch of sedition, and there is some very fair verse in the florid Hibernian fashion, after which the Harp of Erin (may it have no worse occupation!) is very welcome to discourse its not unsweet music.

The first of Mr. Graves's *Blarney Ballads*, "The Groves of Hawarden," appeared in the *Saturday Review*, and our readers will doubtless remember it. The remaining contents of the book are of not dissimilar character, and all of them of similar aim. The only fault that any one can find with the book is that the exposure of the Gladstonian-Parnellite party is, if anything, too good-humoured. A Swift, not a Moore, may be thought to be required. To this it can only be replied that it is well in such a case to "let everything go in," the lightest parody as well as the heaviest and most smashing satire of the "Legion Club" style. Mr. Graves is a dashing and skilful light horseman, and his razzias, if not destructive to the enemy, are encouraging to his own side.

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.*

THE topographical writer of the present day must go into the very beginnings of things, like the mediæval chronicler who always started with Adam and Eve. Mr. Scott's book on Berwick is much too large as it is; but he regrets that he has not been able to "treat of the different races that peopled this district, and of their struggles for empire one over another for several centuries after the Christian era." He would like to have "entered at some length into the history of the different governing powers that successively held sway" in the district, and he develops this idea in half a page of historical summary. But he has been restrained partly by want of space, and partly by another reason which certainly seems to an unprejudiced reader enough not only to justify him for leaving out the passage, but for leaving out all mention of it in his preface. He confesses "that Berwick itself is never once mentioned in these early times." We are thus providentially spared a chapter on what neither Mr. Scott nor anybody else knows anything about. To most of us "Berwick-upon-Tweed" is a kind of geographical bat, hovering between England and Scotland and belonging to neither. Some such central idea should have been the text of Mr. Scott's book, the string upon which all his historical erudition might have been hung. But Mr. Scott leaves his reader to pick out this central fact whenever he can get at it, and never gives it the prominence or distinctness which it ought to have. For centuries royal proclamations and Acts of Parliament spoke of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Berwick-upon-Tweed; and, though it is now only a town in the Northern Parliamentary division of Northumberland, its independent condition for so long is by far the most interesting fact in its history. But Mr. Scott, though, of course, he does not ignore this point, appears to us to neglect it; just as we find that the most interesting point in the history of London and its suburbs—the subjection of Middlesex to the neighbouring city—a subjection now, it is supposed, about to terminate—is scarcely even mentioned by most London historians. The tendency of recent legislation has been to obliterate local distinctions. We no longer meet with Oxfordshire parishes in Buckinghamshire, nor with outlying districts of Durham dotted along the Northumberland coast; and, though Mr. Scott only incidentally tells us so, the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed is now as much a part of Northumberland as Newcastle itself.

The anomalous position of Berwick was caused, of course, by its situation on the Scottish border. It was founded, undoubtedly, by the Scots; and was the chief town of the Scottish county which still bears its name. After repeatedly changing hands, when the battle of Halidon Hill avenged Bannockburn, Berwick became English. From 1333 it figures largely in the wars of Edward III. with the Scots, and its harbour was crowded with ships. Under Richard II. it was retaken for a time by Scotland; and the Earl of Northumberland held it against Henry IV. Henry VI. surrendered it to the King of Scots, and twenty-one years elapsed before another Earl of Northumberland took it from James III. After this it was never restored to Scotland, though it was the subject of constant negotiations, treaties, raids, and surprises, and it was "garrisoned by the Scots during the time that their army was in England aiding the Parliamentary Forces against the Royalists." It figures but slightly in the '15, when some houses were pulled down to clear the fortifications, and in the '45 when Cope took refuge behind them after Preston Pans. From that day to this the history of Berwick is practically a blank, the latest event in it being the result of the distribution of seats in 1885. "On the passing of the last Reform Bill, its population was under the number requisite for even one member; so Berwick, which had sent members to the English Parliament for nearly three hundred and sixty years, was at once stripped

* *Berwick-upon-Tweed; the History of the Town and Guild.* By John Scott. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

of its separate influence, and merged into the Berwick-upon-Tweed Division of the County of Northumberland."

The municipal history of Berwick is interesting, and Mr. Scott details it carefully. The town was one of the members of the Court of Four Burghs, of which Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling were the others. The early burghers were, with few exceptions, of foreign origin, but the Flemings long dwelt apart as a separate guild. The code of the Four Burghs was a law to all the towns in Scotland. The Chamberlain of Scotland presided at a meeting of their delegates once a year at Haddington, and this assize was known as "the Chamberlain Air." The word "air" has probably here the force of "eyre" in Southern England, though there does not appear to have been any "iter." It is characteristic of the local custodians of records that when Mr. Toulmin Smith applied to the town clerk as to the Berwick copy of the Four Burghs law, that functionary answered, "That no such laws were here, nor ever had been." A late Sheriff of London told a Royal Commission that he had no idea why he was Sheriff of Middlesex, except because London is in Middlesex! The town clerk of Berwick had the laws beautifully written out in English of the time of Henry VIII. in his possession; and Mr. Smith was obliged to print an inaccurate version taken from a French authority. Berwick continued to be governed by them, strictly speaking, till 1835; but the charter of James I. in 1603 modified some enactments. The government of the town was always largely controlled by military considerations. The governor of the Castle and of the town were one and the same, but took counsel with the mayor and burgesses for the safety of the place. If Mr. Scott could have boiled down his great quarto into a handy octavo, we might have been able to say more in its praise.

MARZIALS'S LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO.*

IT is obvious that any Life of Victor Hugo, compiled from existing published materials, must be ephemeral in its nature, however carefully and sympathetically written. For the present, however, Mr. Marzials's volume presents to us, in a more handy form than any other English or even French handbook gives, the summary of what, up to the moment in which we write, is known or conjectured about the life of the great poet. Mr. Marzials seems to have acquainted himself with all the gossip, and often over-picturesque, collections of memoirs which have appeared in France. He expresses his obligations to Mme. Hugo's *Victor Hugo raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie*, and to M. Biré's book. He does not mention in his prefatory note M. Asseline's *Victor Hugo intime*, but he quotes frequently from this charming volume, and is evidently thoroughly conscious of its value. We may say at once that the principal fault which we have to find with Mr. Marzials is a certain lack of skill in adjusting the parts of his work. The mass of material before him was very large, and, in fact, scarcely manageable within so small a compass. At all points it offered fascinating matter for discussion, striking facts for chronicling, and bewitching pictures for the art of the biographer to linger over. There are places where Mr. Marzials has loitered on foot, and then there are broad tracts of equal importance, which he has traversed in an express train. When we are exactly half through the book we are preparing to deal with *Notre-Dame de Paris*. Some delightful books lie behind us, no doubt, but the vast body of literature that still lies before us immensely preponderates in importance. Hence the contour of Victor Hugo's life, as treated by Mr. Marzials, has an undeniable air of sketchiness and slightness.

We suppose that the real reason of this inequality in Mr. Marzials's book is due to the character of the works on which he was obliged to found it. The best biography of the poet existing is, without question, the *Victor Hugo avant 1830* of M. Edmond Biré. As long as we remain under the guidance of this accurate and scrupulous surveyor, we are tolerably confident of the correctness of the route. After 1830 we are left to the conflicting testimony of a large number of witnesses, who bewilder us by their clamour and the abundance of their testimony. We fancy that one main reason why the early part of Hugo's career is treated in the volume before us at such disproportionate length is that Mr. Marzials was loth to say farewell to the invaluable M. Biré. Even with the aid of this guide, it is not always easy to be sure that we hold the real truth under Hugo's gasconading rhetoric. Who shall ever say how much is true of the wonderful story of General Lahorie and all the mysteries of the garden of the Feuillantines? If the past could be rolled before us like a scroll, and we could be present at those conversations in the sanctuary of the ruined chapel in 1810, should we or should we not be privileged to hear the godfather, between two pages of Tacitus, lighting, as Mr. Marzials puts it, "the bright pure flame of democratic republicanism" in the bosom of the infant Victor? We are very much afraid that we should not. This is, however, only one out of a myriad examples of the awkward traps set by a great man, who cannot speak the exact truth, for the feet of a conscientious biographer.

The most difficult questions which arise in a consideration of the life of Victor Hugo are those which depend upon the sudden alteration of his convictions upon points of paramount importance. It would be, for instance, of immense literary interest to comprehend the process by which his marvellous poetical

genius became converted from classicism to romanticism. But there is really no evidence of a trustworthy character upon which to form any theory of the causes of this conversion. During his boyhood at the Pension Decotte he wrote an amazing quantity of verse, in every form, upon every subject, but all of it, as we gather from Mme. Hugo's account, strictly conventional in style. Victor Hugo wrote in his copy-book the characteristic phrase, "I will be Chateaubriand or nothing." But, like so many of his prophecies, this prediction was not fulfilled; he certainly was not nothing, but no less certainly he was not Chateaubriand. The ode in 1817, "On the Pleasures of Study," was just the sort of ode that good bards had written for half a century past; it showed no relationship with André Chenier. What is more to the point, the critical part of the *Conservateur Littéraire* shows no recognition, in 1819, of the claims of the new poetry. "We have never understood," says Hugo in one of the numbers of that interesting journal, "the distinction which people seek to establish between the classic style and the romantic style." Three years later, in the *Odes et Poésies Diverses*, a volume to which Mr. Marzials devotes a page of excellent criticism, there is the same indifference to all but those forms and that spirit which far smaller minds than his had already found to be obsolete. In 1822 we find Victor Hugo, like an older poet with whom he has some affinities, Dryden, hesitating to separate himself from the old school of thought until the new has created for itself a position of some respectability. It is curious to reflect that his mother died, having read an immense amount of her son's verses, and not a line by which we should recognize his manner to-day. In the prose of *La Muse Française* in 1823, and in the preface to the *Nouvelles Odes* of 1824, the condition of things is still the same. The latter deplores a defection from the camp which rallies round the great name of Boileau, and records a vow that among those faithful to Racine Victor Hugo will at least be faithful. He is entirely classical still in July 1824; he is rampantly romantic in October 1826. What had occurred in the meanwhile to produce this tremendous change? How is it that we find the young captain of the beleaguered castle suddenly transformed into the general who is leading on the intrepid attack? The transformation is bewildering, and we look in vain to any biographer for an explanation, or even for a statement of the circumstances of the change.

Not less unexpected, not less bewildering, is the political transformation scene. There is no doubt at all that in January 1849 Victor Hugo voted in the Constituent Assembly for Louis Napoleon, that he supported Napoleon's candidature for the Presidency, and that he opposed the Radical party in a spirit and actuated by principles which were strictly Conservative. He says himself—feeling that some explanation was necessary—that in June 1849 the indelible lightning-flash entered into his soul. But why it entered just then, why so original and thoughtful a man as he had arrived at the not immature age of forty-seven without receiving the consecration of the lightning-flash, we do not perceive, although he tries to expound it to us in many sentences full of poetical enthusiasm of the familiar Janus kind. All Victor Hugo's fragments of autobiography are apt to look forward as well as backward, and this greatly increases the difficulty of knowing what really did happen at any given moment within or around him.

One of the best chapters in the book before us is that which describes the flight to Brussels in December 1849, and the subsequent exile in Jersey and Guernsey. Mr. Marzials shows tact in dealing with the episode of the newspaper called *L'Homme*, and its insulting letter to the Queen. This is one of the most tiresome, the most unreasonable events in the life of Victor Hugo, and marks a point at which any one, especially an Englishman, who is not blindly under the poet's sway, is ready to throw the history of his life away with an explosion of naughty language. Mr. Marzials, however, gets us safely on board the steamer for Guernsey, and when once we have settled in Hauteville House the great poet easily wins back our sympathy by the simplicity of his life, the nobility of his labours, and the calm dignity of his attitude. Mr. Marzials, who is commonly very sparing of picturesque detail, delays for half a page that he may give us a vignette of the view from Victor Hugo's Guernsey study, which we may quote as a close:—

Through all the glass sides of the place, wherever one looks, there is a very festival of nature's beauty. To the right is the green slope of the hill, gardens and trees, and a fort. Beyond lies the great encircling sea, with the long straight spine of Sark on the horizon. Nearer in are the twin islands of Jethou and Herm, and, dotted here and there, rocks round which the white foam chafes almost constantly. Back towards the shore again, Castle Cornet stands on its rock below us—and there is the port and the shipping, and the long, low line of the coast trending out at St. Sampson; and back again, further along the left, the town rising against the hill, and the red-roofed houses jostling one another at our feet. Well had this eagle spirit chosen his eyrie. One likes to think of him watching the changes of light and shadow that play over this superb expanse of land and sea, and seem to give it almost a voice.

TURKEY.*

THIS book is largely made up of shreds and patches. Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, its ostensible author, acknowledges in his preface that he owes three chapters, and some more besides,

* *Life of Victor Hugo*. By Frank E. Marzials. London: Walter Scott.

* *The Story of the Nations—Turkey*. By Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman. London: Fisher Unwin. 1888.

to Mr. Gibb, and an unknown quantity of matter on "a part of the subject less familiar to Mr. Gibb and myself" to Mr. Gilman, the universal genius of the series. Besides these contributions he has made many and long cuttings from Gibbon, Finlay, Knolles—"old Knolles," as he always endearingly calls him—Creasy, and the English translation of Schinner's *Two Sieges of Vienna*, and has used his scissors to such good purpose that in one chapter of twenty-six pages thirteen have been cut bodily out of the *Decline and Fall*. Indeed, his passion for reproduction is so strong that when he levies a contribution from Lord Berners's translation of Froissart, he thinks fit to print it in black-letter type. A book made up in this fashion is necessarily ill proportioned, and, while Mr. Lane-Poole, or rather one of his contributors, devotes thirty-two pages, seven of which are extracted from Knolles, to a minute description of the Sultan's household as it was before the reforms effected by Mahmūd, Eugene's victory at Peterwardein is not even mentioned, and the Peace of Passarowitz is disposed of in a line or two, in which no notice is taken of the confirmation of the Turkish conquest of the Morea and Cerigo, while the Peace of Szistové, which closed the long struggle between Austria and the Porte, is left out altogether. Mr. Lane-Poole tells us that what he has "attempted is to draw the main outlines of Turkish history in bold strokes." This is exactly what he has failed to do. He gives a whole chapter to a verbose, and at the same time, if the matter is to be treated at such length, an incomplete, record of the captivity of Djem, the unlucky brother of Bāyezid II.; while he sometimes omits, and often passes far too lightly over, several of the most important steps both in the growth and in the decline of the Turkish power in Europe. An instance of the unsatisfactory manner in which he deals with his subject occurs in his notice of the wars of Murād I. Speaking of the Sultan's conquests in the Greek Empire, he says "Philippopolis and Adrianople (1361) succumbed immediately upon the onslaught of Murād," and in the next paragraph he goes on to relate the "first encounter," in 1364, between the Turks and the Bulgarians and other Slavonic peoples, "who were made of different stuff from the emasculate Greeks." Now Philippopolis was taken in 1363, two years after the taking of Adrianople, and was at that time a Bulgarian city. None of the characteristics of the Turkish invasion are brought out with sufficient distinctness. It is quite possible to read the book without in any degree grasping how constantly the invaded countries were first reduced to tributary States, and made to furnish help against other Christian lands, before they were completely annexed, or how large a part heresy and persecution bore in forwarding the success of the invaders. The history of the present century is given so hurriedly that the revolt of Servia under Milosch, and the acknowledgment of its independence by the Treaty of Adrianople, are entirely forgotten.

CALENDARS OF STATE PAPERS, &c., 1534-5 AND 1536.*

"MY object," writes Mr. Friedmann, at the end of his elaborate work on Anne Boleyn, "has been to show that very little is known of the events of those times"; and, after absorbing the materials presented in the tenth volume of Mr. Gairdner's *Calendar*, a queasy stomach might almost be excused for suggesting that the less known the better. The year 1536 is perhaps most generally remembered in our history as that of the suppression of the smaller monasteries, a transaction which, as our readers are aware, has, together with the whole subject of which it forms part, recently undergone, or is now undergoing, much fresh investigation. The evidence on this head which Mr. Gairdner puts before his readers is, of course, invaluable, although, as we have hinted, it is impossible without sickening to go through the abstract of the "clean book" which Master William Blithmanne made of the "comperts" (information) collected by Cromwell's visitors in the province of York. Legh and Layton knew what expedition meant. The monasteries of the south of England seem to have been almost completely visited during the latter half of the year 1535, and the see of Coventry and Lichfield had probably been absolved in the Christmas holidays. On the 11th of January the visitors were at York, admonishing Wolsey's successor to uphold the King's prerogative and subjecting his own privileges to a strict inquiry, reporting the Dean unwilling to resign his office except for an actual and unmistakable equivalent, and pouring into Cromwell's willing ear a promise of fat pollutions, duly catalogued, to follow. Further on, on pp. 137-143 of this *Calendar*, may be read in brief their *Compendium compertorum*, a schedule of northern monasteries, with information concerning them arranged more or less under the heads of founders' names, local superstitions, statistics of gross and unnatural crimes, rents and debts. Since this Report on the see of Lichfield and the province of York deals with more than one hundred and twenty monastic institutions, and since the entries are certainly wanting neither in precision

nor in minuteness, the Commissioners, who had finished their work by the end of February, cannot be said to have allowed much grass to grow beneath their feet. The question is, of course, to what extent the information thus gathered, and not likely to have been in most cases very eagerly proffered, is to be trusted. Exception has been taken to Mr. Gairdner's opinion that, except in so far as the results of their inquiries were reported to the King, the methods pursued by the visitors were probably those to which the monasteries were already accustomed; for, as has been urged, the religious sanction of episcopal visitation was wanting. After all, however, what Mr. Gairdner says comes to much the same thing; for he points out how impossible it is to suppose that abbots and convents generally submitted to the authority imposed on them by virtue of the royal supremacy which they had acknowledged, when they were aware that it was being exercised with a view to their own destruction. Accordingly many of the great houses refused to answer; "and it is quite possible that the monks in many cases refused even to exculpate themselves before men for whose characters and commissions they had very little respect. At Bury St. Edmunds and at the neighbouring Ickworth, as another *compendium compertorum* in this volume reports, there were suspicions of "confederacy"; in the former, "though no monks are more notorious for licentious living, yet there never was less confessed"; in the latter, not a word was to be extracted out of the eighteen inmates. When the Act against the lesser monasteries had been passed, other Commissions, consisting of leading men in the several counties, were sent out to make a fresh survey of the monasteries; and these Commissions reported far more favourably, at least in several instances, than Cromwell's original visitors, in some cases directly contradicting their *compertes*. Into the general question, which a review of these facts cannot fail to call up, we cannot take this occasion of entering. Canon Creighton, in the article to which we have already referred, points out that it is an exaggeration to quote Latimer as saying that when the "Black Book" of the monasteries was first read in Parliament there arose a cry "Down with them!" Latimer certainly does not go as far as Mr. J. R. Green, who, with unflinching picturesqueness, makes this cry "break from the Commons as the Report was read"; nor even as far as Mr. Gairdner, who implies that such a cry was actually raised on the occasion. On the other hand, Mr. Gairdner, like Latimer, suggests that the Black Book was hurried on in order to take away the breath of Parliament, as Blue-books are often kept back with the purpose of cooling its ardour; and, for our part, we should continue to think the policy of Henry shameless, even had it been, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Froude, "in this great matter deliberately sanctioned by Parliament."

The recollection of the well-known chapter in which this phrase occurs brings us a different division of Mr. Gairdner's volume, and of the admirable introduction by which it is prefaced; but one containing "revelations" almost as repulsive of their kind as the registered enormities which King Henry's lay lieges were so virtuously eager to eradicate. The volume of Spanish papers for the years 1534-5, edited by Don Pascual de Gayangos, serves as a convenient introduction to some of the transactions of Henry VIII.'s foreign policy in the year 1536, with which his domestic difficulties were so inseparably mixed up. On March 23, 1534, the Papal sentence in the matter of the King's divorce was at last pronounced by Clement VII., and the Emperor entrusted with its execution; but in October 1535, just a year after Paul III. had succeeded Clement in the papal chair, and three months after the first victims of the Supremacy Act, illustrious and humble, had suffered in London, the letters executive still awaited the Pope's seal. We must, by the way, take leave to observe that M. de Gayangos' summary of these events in his introduction is a very striking example of *l'art d'obscurcir les dates*. After stating that Paul succeeded Clement in October 1534, he observes that it was not "till after the proclamation of Henry's supremacy over the Church in England in June 1534" (the Act of Supremacy passed in that year, the King's proclamations on the subject were in January and June 1535) and "after the execution of More on the 6th of July" (but this was in 1535), and "one month after that of Fisher" (June 22, 1535), that Pope Paul appointed a Commission of Cardinals to draft the "executory letters." Some of these *post hoc* were no doubt *propter hoc*; but it would have been more to the point to direct the attention of the reader to the nearest date of the actual making-out of the letters which we can find in this volume—namely, the beginning of August 1535. But M. de Gayangos' notions of an introduction are peculiar; on p. iv. he speaks of "M. de Nassau," but it does not occur to him till p. xi. to explain the identity of this personage in a note, into which he takes the opportunity of crowding a variety of slips. "Nassau" was not the nephew, but the brother-in-law of Philibert of Châlons, who died only eight years before himself. Why, by the way, should his father, who at an advanced period of his life assumed the very Teutonic title of Count of Katzenellenbogen, be called "Jean de Nassau," as if he had been a French nobleman? The name of his first wife, here called "Louise de Savoie," seems, according to trustworthy tables, to have been Francisca. Instead of any serious attempt in some measure to guide us through the mazes of the correspondence translated in this volume, we have in this introduction to content ourselves with a few notes concerning the diplomatists concerned in it, of which about the most novel refers to Granvelle's odd signature of Perrenin

* *Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain. Vol. V. Part I. Henry VIII., 1534-1535.* Edited by Pascual de Gayangos. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner. Vol. X. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

(instead of Perrenot), of which "rather depreciative nickname," the editor is unable to explain the occurrence at the bottom of the eminent minister's letters.

When Paul III., as to the ruling motives of whose policy, though it was in some measure influenced by nobler ideas, it is difficult not to agree with M. de Gayangos, at last submitted the long-delayed documents in draft to the Spanish ambassador, the Count of Cifuentes, the latter took exception to certain clauses and words as in his opinion detrimental to the rights of Queen Katharine and her daughter, and to the pre-eminence of the Emperor. From the brief statement of these objections on a later page of this volume, it is difficult to gather more than that they were essentially of a formal nature—a conclusion which agrees with other evidence showing that the Emperor was now by no means in a hurry to use the powers which Cifuentes had, according to his own statement, so long and so consistently pretended to demand. Charles V. was in truth now speculating on the English alliance in the war which he was to commence by the invasion of Provence in the following year (1536), and it was with the greatest difficulty that the ambassadors prevented the Queen's proctors at Rome from taking out the letters in his despite. Thus, though the bull of deprivation was not actually issued till three years later (December 1538), it was actually hanging over King Henry's head, when in December 1535 an event became more or less probable, by which, as with his usual freedom from affectation, he was equally quick to see and to say, all diplomatic difficulties between himself and the Emperor would speedily be ended. Early in the month Queen Katharine fell ill; and about Christmas she became so much worse that she sent for Chapuys, the Imperial ambassador, to whose pen students of English history are so largely indebted. After obtaining the necessary leave from the King he set out for Kimbolton Castle, receiving before he started a pleasant message from Henry, to the effect that her death was at hand, and would greatly expedite his labours as a diplomatist. He stayed with her for four days, during which his presence seemed to do her much good, so that he left her very cheerful, being himself confirmed in his hopefulness by the opinion of her physician. When on his return he sent to Cromwell to request permission to thank the King for the facilities offered him in his journey, he received in reply the news of the Queen's death. In reporting this to his master, Chapuys adds, with the frankness characteristic of the despatches of his time, that "he fears the good Princess will die of grief, or that the Concubine will hasten what she has long threatened to do—namely, to kill her; and it is to be feared there is little help for it." As to the Queen's death, he states that he asked her physician several times whether there was any suspicion of poison.

He said he was afraid it was so, for after she had drunk some Welsh beer she had been worse, and that it must have been a slow and subtle poison, for he could not discover evidence of simple and pure poison; but, on opening her, indications will be seen.

After the *post-mortem*, at which he was not allowed to be present, and which was conducted by unskilled hands, the Queen's physician informed the ambassador's servant, in answer to his inquiry whether the Queen had died by poison, that

the thing was evident by what had been said to the Bishop her confessor, and, if that had not been disclosed, the thing was sufficiently clear from the report and circumstances of the illness.

The Bishop of Llandaff (and small blame to him) could only stand aghast at the report which staggered Dr. de Lasco, and which had clearly been made in perfect good faith by "the candlemaker of the house," who with two menials had performed the operation on the Queen's body. Yet there seems to be no reasonable doubt but that the case was one in which medical ignorance of morbid anatomy helped to confirm healthy popular prejudice. If such was the case—and a very pithy and pregnant pamphlet by Dr. Norman Moore, of St. Bartholomew's, seems to place this conclusion beyond dispute—the poor Queen's death cannot be placed to the account of Henry VIII. any more than the death of Britannicus can be charged to that of his imperial kinsman. But the *corps diplomatique* and the Conservative party, which in King Henry's salad days (and, one might be tempted to add, but for the ghastliness of the conceit, in the days of his *yellow leaf*) comprised no inconsiderable proportion of the nation, naturally fell in with the apparent conclusions to be derived from symptoms now known to science as those of *melanotic sarcoma*. On the next day, a Sunday, again to quote Chapuys,

the King was clad all over in yellow, from top to toe, except the white feather he had in his bonnet, and the Little Bastard was conducted to mass with trumpets and other great triumphs. After dinner the King entered the room in which the ladies danced, and there did several things like one transported with joy. At last he sent for his Little Bastard, and carrying her in his arms he showed her first to one and then to another. He has done the like on other days since, and has run some courses (*coursu quelques lances*) at Greenwich.

Has any one of the modern French dramatists who seek to correct the evils to which flesh is normally heir, by imagining instances of the abnormal chastisements that may befall it, ever conceived a *peripeteia* more terrific than that which came upon Anne Boleyn in her mishap on the very day of Katharine of Aragon's funeral? Soon after Katharine's death her rival's rejoicing had given place to an anxiety easily explicable from a passage in Chapuys' letter of February 25th, where he states that, according to information obtained from several persons of the Court, the King had not spoken for more than ten times in

the last three months to "the Concubine." When her disappointment occurred,

he scarcely said anything to her, except that he saw clearly that God did not wish to give him male children; and in leaving her he told her, as if for spite, that he would speak to her after she was "releuize" [releved?]. The said Concubine attributed the misfortune to two causes; first the King's fall [he had had a heavy fall with the "great horse" on which he was mounted at the lists on the eve of the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 24th; but had escaped unhurt, being, as Chapuys hopefully surmised, reserved for some greater misfortune]; and, secondly, that the love she bore him was far greater than that of the late Queen, so that her heart broke when she saw that he loved others. At which remark the King was much grieved, and has shown his feeling by the fact that during these festive days [St. Matthias'] he is here [in London], and has left the other at Greenwich, when formerly he could not leave her for an hour.

Only a few days before the unhappy woman had in writing to her aunt, Lady Shelton, spoke of her attempts to induce the Princess Mary to submit to the King, declaring that she had made them from a feeling of compassion rather than of the slightest anxiety on her own behalf—"for, if I have a son, as I hope shortly, I know what will happen to her." The King now declared that, having married Anne under the influence of witchcraft and sorcery, he held the marriage null; and by Easter-time there was a general expectation of a divorce. This was by no means what the Emperor, in the interests of his cousin the Princess Mary, desired; for, as he told Chapuys, were the King to repudiate Anne, he might marry another, whereas it was certain he would have no issue from Anne herself. Yet, with his usual prudence, Charles instructed his ambassador not to oppose the project, if Henry proved to be very much set upon it; and this for the best reason in the world—namely, "that neither our cousin nor we can hinder it." But things came otherwise; the King took the course which, as we know from Mr. Froude, was justified by "the solemn verdict of the Lords and Commons, the clergy, the Council, judge and juries"; and Anne was delivered over to the death for which she had, though protesting her innocence, learnt to long. Mr. Gairdner's new volume contains many additional details concerning her miserable tragedy, but nothing that mitigates the conduct of King Henry, unless it be the fact that he did not actually marry Jane Seymour on the day after Anne Boleyn's execution. A dispensation for the new marriage was obtained from the Archbishop on the day itself, and, immediately on receiving news of Anne's death, the King, as Chapuys was informed, entered his barge and went to "Mrs. Semel," who lodged a mile from him in a house by the river. Next morning at nine o'clock the "promise and betrothal" took place between the pair, and ten days afterwards, on May 30th, they were married "in the Queen's closet at York Place." Jane Seymour appears to have throughout behaved with considerable circumspection, having indeed, according to Chapuys, been well tutored as to her conduct by those who knew the King and hated Queen Anne. But the Ambassador's respect for her, or for English ladies in general, of whom he was fain to regard her as a type, was not increased by her discretion, and he might well, having heard that letters from England were opened at Calais, take special pains with the ciphering of the despatch in which he communicated to his master his notions of "the King's new lady" and of her plan of campaign.

Politically, as Mr. Gairdner shows, the death of Queen Katharine left Henry completely at his ease, and Cromwell was at once instructed to let the French Government understand how his sovereign would now only have to choose between the two rival alliances. The Emperor, for all his belief in foul play having occasioned his aunt's death, was cautious not to give offence to Henry, and the Pope was glad to put the Bull of deprivation on the shelf again. Henry's conduct during the next months showed how thoroughly he appreciated the strength of his position, and felt himself able to disregard, first, the annoyance of the French at his declining to aid them in the war, then the efforts of Chapuys and of Cromwell himself to negotiate a definite Imperial alliance. Again, he refused to enter into an alliance with the Protestant princes of Germany except on his own terms, which included the maintenance by them of an opinion given by Luther and others some time since (probably, Mr. Gairdner thinks, in 1532) on the subject of his first marriage. So much, however, he was unable to obtain, the answer to which the German divines now, after much disputation, adhered being a polite but firm refusal to approve of the divorce. This year witnessed another failure of his policy in the final collapse of the schemes into which he had entered in the spring of 1535 in support of the democratic régime at Lübeck. Peace between Lübeck and Christian III. of Denmark was signed in February; in June Sir Marcus Meyer was cruelly put to death in Warberg Castle, where he had waited in vain for the promised English help; Wullenwever had to wait more than a year longer for the execution of his doom. But into these events, full of interest as they are, we are unable here to enter. We trust that when the time comes Mr. Gairdner may find leisure to expand and combine his masterly Introductions into what would be the only appropriate continuation of the late Professor Brewer's *Reign of Henry VIII.*

There is so much that is depressing in the materials analysed in these volumes that, like the author of the following letter, which we will accordingly quote by way of conclusion, one welcomes an occasional relief. It does not appear what reply was returned to it by the Abbot of Crowland, who may have made his own reflections on mutability, if it occurred to him that a fortnight or so before its receipt he had stood with other clergy at the door of

Peterborough Cathedral to receive the corpse of King Henry's first Queen:—

THOMAS BEDYLL to CROMWELL.

As he has hitherto had occasion to write of sad matters, now writes of a merry one. The King hath one old fool, Sexten, as good as might be, which by reason of age is not like to continue. I have espied a young fool at Croland, much more pleasant than Sexten ever was, not past fifteen, who is every day new to the hearer. Though I am made of such heavy matter that I have small delectation in fools, he is one of the best I have heard. He is very fit for the Court, and will afford the King much pastime, which he shall make both with gentlemen and gentlewomen. Begs he will send for him to the Abbot of Croland. Spalding, 26 Jan. [1535].

DE WINT.*

MR. ARMSTRONG has original ideas. Sometimes they are good and suggestive enough; sometimes they are only original. It is with one (as it seems to us) of these that he enters upon the consideration of the life and work of Peter de Wint. There can be no doubt, he opines, that if pictures had been bought and regarded in France as they were bought and regarded in England, Corot, Millet, Troyon, Rousseau, and Company would probably have been tempted into prettiness, and the great school of which they are the exemplars would have been stifled in its inception. Similarly there can be no doubt that if De Wint and Cox had been unable to sell their water-colours for a few pounds apiece, they, like Constable and the Frenchmen, would have had to stick to the practice of oils, and sticking so, "to suffer and to wait," in which case it would have been "impossible for a modern critic to single out the painter of the 'Hay Wain,' and to set him up, naked and alone, to face the whole school of Fontainebleau." Put in other terms, Mr. Armstrong's argument amounts to this. It was good for Corot & Co. to fail to sell for large sums, and it was bad for De Wint & Co. to be able to sell for small ones. If Corot & Co. had sold, they would all have gone to pieces like the common (or garden) Academician; and if De Wint & Co. had had to starve, they would have done nothing but great work in oils, and we should now be talking, not of the School of Fontainebleau, but of the Hampstead School or the School of Bettwys-Cood. It is an ingenious theory and a patriotic, but it depends (unhappily) upon the virtue of an *if*. Of course, it is true enough that Corot began to sell at forty; that Millet was just achieving popularity when he died; that Rousseau had a hard and desperate fight of it for years; and all the rest of it. But it is also true that Troyon, and Jules Dupré, and Diaz, and Isabey, and Paul Huet were sufficiently successful almost from the first; and it seems probable that Rousseau and Millet and Corot began by failing for one thing, because (like Constable) they had a great deal that was new to say, and, for another (like Constable again), because they had to learn to say it. To us it seems more safe, if a good deal less ingenious, to conclude that De Wint confined himself to water-colours because they were his proper medium of expression, and that the reason why he did no more in art was the very simple one, that he had not in him to do more than he actually did.

Be this as it may, and be Mr. Armstrong's theory good or bad, his life of De Wint is a capital book. His materials were few and meagre; for De Wint was savagely averse from the practice of self-advertisement which is so dear to his successors. He said what he had to say about himself in his drawings, and he treated the rest as something to be severely let alone. Mr. Armstrong, making right use of such documents as were to be had, has pieced out their imperfections with the help of the painter's surviving relatives and friends, and has done his work so well that (as we think) it will not soon be bettered or superseded. It is not for us to tell the story after him. It has come to be recognized that De Wint is one of the greater names in English art; and the many that are interested in his work will be interested, for his sake, in Mr. Armstrong's likewise. In this place it shall suffice to note that his story is well and clearly told, that his figure is boldly and takingly portrayed, and that the qualities of his art are distinguished with intelligence and presented with authority.

It remains to add that the book—a small but somewhat unmanageable oblong—is illustrated with twenty-four examples of the master in photogravure, the work, it need scarce be added, of Messrs. Boussoy & Valadon. The choice of examples is not invariably happy. Thus the "Study of Trees" (3) and the "Study of Weeds" (8) might be omitted with advantage to the book and the painter alike. They may be interesting in their original state; but, as reproduced by the Goupil process, they are dull and a little unsightly. On the other hand, in "Lincoln from the River" (2), the "Haymakers" (7), the "Westminster Palace" (6), the "River Scene" (14), the "Gloucester" (17), the "On the Dart" (21)—to name but these—a something is conveyed of the magical breadth and glow of the drawings themselves. To say that they are completely successful were to say that which is not. De Wint was a colourist, and his colour has the attribute of distinction. In black and white this quality of his can scarce be even dimly suggested. Of his composition, his feeling for line, his treatment of mass, his sense of distance, his preference for certain types of country, these reproductions tell us not a little. They tell us something, too, of his insight into, and

employment of, the elements of light and air. In other words, they are, for the most part, as successful as was to be expected, and lend an interest of their own to what without them is an interesting and useful book.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.*

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON'S conversion to the Church of Rome was received when it occurred, over thirty years ago, with deep regret by members of the Anglican community, for what was Rome's gain was decidedly the Church of England's loss. But in forsaking the faith of her childhood this excellent lady carried with her the love and sympathy of all who knew her, even if they regretted that she had thought fit to change her denomination. As a writer of biography and fiction, Lady Georgiana occupied a prominent position in English literature; but it was especially her exemplary life and her devotion to the poor which rendered her so universally beloved and respected. No better biographer could possibly have been found to write the history of this good woman than her friend, Mrs. Augustus Craven, the well-known author of that beautiful book *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. She did so in French, as we recently noted, at the instigation of the Rev. Henry James Coleridge, S.J., who has translated her work into English in an exceedingly pleasant and readable style. Lady Georgiana numbered among her near relations the Dukes of Norfolk, Beaufort, Sutherland, Westminister, Argyll, and Leinster, and the Earls of Carlisle, Harrowby, and Ellesmere. "It was in the midst of rank and affluence," says Father Coleridge, "that one of the simplest and humblest souls ever seen, perhaps, outside the walls of a cloister was trained and formed." At a very early age Lady Georgiana displayed literary talent and industry, for we still possess from her own hand a brief memoir of her childhood. That she was an exceedingly impressionable child is easily perceived by the many anecdotes she relates of her infancy, of which the following is perhaps the most significant:—

One of my earliest recollections [says she] is my brother Granville's christening. I was then two years and a half old. I remember quite well sitting on a sofa in the drawing-room at Stanhope Street, and people talking to me—also very distinctly learning to read at a very early age, about three years old I think, and the first time a notion of religion was conveyed to me. It was at Tixall. I was kneeling before a sofa with a large book open before me, in which I was finding out, and spelling all the words I could find, of three letters. I put my finger on one, and said in a loud voice, G O D—God. My mother checked me, and said, "You must not say that word in that manner; it is a sacred word." She did not explain further, but the way she spoke and looked made me feel hushed and subdued. I may here remark that, imperfect and scanty as was the religious teaching I received in childhood, it had one marked characteristic. That was the inculcation of reverence and of the sacredness of matters and things connected with religion. We were never allowed to hold a Bible or a Prayer-Book in a careless manner, or to speak of a clergyman without respect.

In 1833 she became engaged to Mr. Fullerton, a gentleman of good birth, and heir to considerable estates in Gloucestershire and Ireland. He had been educated at Eton, where he was "next in school" to Mr. Gladstone. The marriage took place in Paris, on July 13th, 1833; and after the honeymoon, spent in England, the happy couple returned to Paris, where Mr. Fullerton was attaché at the Embassy. It was about this time that Lady Georgiana began to be more definitely interested in Roman Catholicism. In 1844 she published *Ellen Middleton*, a remarkable story, in which she has given a good many of her own experiences when her mind was in a transition state, and she was wavering between the Churches of England and Rome. At this period she was a regular attendant at the beautiful little chapel in Margaret Street which has since been replaced by the famous All Saints Church. Feeling still more unsettled in her religious belief, and not being entirely satisfied with Ritualism, she visited Father Brownbill, a member of the Jesuit Order; and, after receiving instruction from him for some time, she was "received" on Passion Sunday, March 29, 1846. The chapters which Mrs. Craven and Father Coleridge devote to the period of the conversion of Lady Georgiana Fullerton to the Church of Rome are very interesting, but we confess we much prefer those which follow and give us a graphic account of the charitable life in which their heroine engaged, and in which she did an incalculable amount of good. To those who live entirely for the world and in the world such a work as this must appear almost as incredible as a fairy-tale; for Lady Georgiana was one who always lived under the most vivid impression that the eye of God watched her every action, and that He knew her most secret thoughts. To keep her heart free from all uncharitableness and worldliness, to think only of good deeds and of her duty, was the sole end and object of her life. Lady Georgiana's health began to fail her about 1880, and for several years she suffered much, dying peacefully, after great trouble and pain, on January 15, 1885. Her life is full of interesting reminiscences. She had known most of the eminent persons of her time intimately, and had moved a great deal in general society. Notwithstanding her extreme modesty and shyness, her brilliant attainments, her deserved literary fame as a popular novelist, and her charming manners, endeared her to a very large circle of friends. She was intimately acquainted with M. de

* *Memoir of Peter De Wint*. By Walter Armstrong, B.A. London: Macmillan, 1888.

* *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*. From the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven. By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1888.

Montalembert and the clever circle which surrounded him, all of them ardent Catholics, and labouring with surprising zeal to restore religion in France. We have a pleasant sketch of her first meeting with the delightful author of *Les Moines de l'Occident*. It was at the last child's ball she attended in Paris, and was given by the Duchesse de Berri. She was then about fifteen—M. de Montalembert was about the same age. He asked her to dance a "Grandpère" with him. After a long jig in this very active old-fashioned country dance, Lady Georgiana expressed a wish to rest, feeling exceedingly tired. "No, no," he said, "I should not be able to get another partner." "My first impression of my dear holy friend of after years was that he was a very selfish boy"—in other words, that he was a Frenchman. She certainly was fortunate in her friendships. In a very interesting letter to Lady Rivers she describes her meeting with Mr. James Hope. "I think," she says, "that it was in 1843 that I first saw your dear brother in Margaret Street Chapel, the favourite place of worship of the Puseyites in those days, and noticed him and his friend Mr. Badeley walking away together, and was more struck with his appearance than with that of any other person I have seen before or since. . . . It is only in pictures that I have ever seen anything equalling and never anything surpassing what was, at the time I am speaking of, the ideal beauty of his face and figure." In after years Lady Georgiana became intimate with Mr. Hope and his two wives—the first the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, and the second Lady Victoria Howard, sister of the present Duke of Norfolk. Every page of this book contains some interesting account of persons famous in contemporary social and literary life; and it is remarkable to notice how, notwithstanding her active religious life and her renunciation of even such worldly recreations as the drama and the opera—at one time her favourite amusements—the sympathetic nature of this charming woman never became hardened or narrowed, for she kept, so to speak, "in touch" to the end with men and women widely at variance with her in opinions and mode of life. Her intimate, her "heart-friends," as she was pleased to call them, were mostly of her own persuasion, who, like herself, chose rather to follow the example of Mary than that of Martha. Lady Georgiana Fullerton's Life and Letters is a book which commands the attentive interest of Catholics and Protestants alike; for, putting aside the peculiar religious views of its subject, it is the life of an exceedingly able and good woman, who has left a distinct mark upon the society and literature of her time.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

AS this fourth part of Dr. Bright's *History of England* deals solely with the events of the present reign down to 1880, and devotes to them no less than 576 closely-printed pages, it can scarcely be intended, like its predecessors, for the use of schools. If, however, it has been written for those who, being no longer *in statu pupillari*, can choose what books they will read, it should have been more attractive. Larger type and a fairer margin would, no doubt, do something for the book; they would, at all events, render it less abhorrent to the sight than it is at present; but they would not make up for its deficiencies as regards interest and style, or mend such sentences as, "It was supposed that the Pope would not have issued it [the Bull of 1850] had he not believed that the High Church party were becoming powerful, and that its doctrines led (as in many individual instances had been the case) direct to the adoption of the Roman doctrine." As far as statements of fact are concerned we have scarcely found anything in the volume that calls for criticism; and it may, we think, be safely used for purposes of reference. It is conveniently arranged, each chapter containing the history of an Administration and having for heading a list of the chief Ministers. Neither in these lists nor in the text is any distinction made between the ranks of the peerage; all peers, save dukes, even when mentioned for the first time, are simply styled Lord; and this slovenly practice is carried so far that we are informed that "Mr. Disraeli closed his Parliamentary career, and passed into the quieter life of the Upper House, with the title of Lord Beaconsfield." Dr. Bright does not, we apprehend, conceive that the House of Lords has ceased to be a necessary part of Parliament. In the list of the Melbourne Administration there is a curious inaccuracy. As the Cabinet was first composed, the office of First Lord of the Admiralty was filled, not by "Lord Minto," but by Lord Auckland. The affairs of India receive due attention, and the story of the Mutiny is told with some spirit. Financial matters are handled clearly and with an evident mastery of details; and the notices of social progress, though incomplete, are valuable as far as they go. No attempt is made to deal with the literary history of the period. As Dr. Bright, though by no means generally unfair in what he says, regards several parts of his subject from a Radical standpoint, there is, of course, much in his book with which we cannot agree. Apart from these differences we have a right to complain when we find him remarking that the ecclesiastical revival under Dr. Pusey's leadership "raised a fresh difficulty in the way of re-establishing a really national Church, changed the Church of Eng-

land more completely into a sect, and rendered more probable its ultimate separation from the State." We can scarcely imagine that even residence in Oxford can have rendered him so ignorant of the religious condition of the country that he believes that the High Church revival has weakened the Church's hold upon the nation. But if he does not mean to assert this, what does he mean? He constantly forgets that it is the duty of an historian not merely to register the opinions of others, but to pronounce decidedly upon them. For example, he says that some people were "profoundly discontented" at the employment of Indian troops in Europe in 1878, and that it "seemed to destroy entirely the constitutional restrictions on the power of the Crown." Did it, or does it, seem so to him? If being, as we suppose, not wholly ignorant of the constitutional aspect of the history of the restrictions placed on the maintenance of a standing army, he nevertheless considers that the presence of a body of Indian troops in Malta was a breach of the Constitution, he should say so plainly; he has no business to shirk expressing a decided opinion on such a matter. In speaking of the insurrection in Jamaica he goes out of his way to talk mischievous nonsense about the "arrogant sense of superiority," the "bigoted trust in the divine right of the landowner," and the "unrestrained eagerness in revenge for the death of an Englishman" that characterize our dealings with subject races, among which he plainly hints that we are specially to reckon the Irish. He ends his story by treating the acquittal of Governor Eyre as a proof that the "upper classes" are ready to condone "much cruelty and illegality, if only it (*sic*) conduces to the maintenance of English supremacy." The class from which Grand Juries are chosen is not, we believe, inclined to look more leniently on cruelty or on offences against the law than the average costermonger; that it does set a higher value on the lives of Englishmen, the rights of property, and the supremacy of Great Britain over its colonies we are not prepared to deny. Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy is, of course, condemned as unprincipled. With reference to the Treaty of Berlin we read that, "with a total disregard of the increased sensibility of the public conscience, he declared that the maintenance of English interests—irrespective, apparently, of the justice on which they rested—was the sole object of an English statesman." Does Dr. Bright think it necessary constantly to remind all those whom it may concern that, in the efforts which we have no doubt he makes to promote the interests of his College, he is always controlled by the dictates of justice? English gentlemen do not, as a rule, guard a statement of their intentions by professing their respect for moral obligations, and a politician who deals in windy platitudes about justice and unselfishness, though he may flatter the "public conscience," or what passes for it, is not likely to be more high-minded than his fellows. The doctrine more than once, though with some reserve, expounded in this volume, that a British statesman ought not in matters of foreign policy to be guided by the interests of Great Britain is nothing better than detestable cant. In spite of this unfortunate crank about the "maintenance of English interests," Dr. Bright, we are glad to see, deprecates the "predominance given to sentiment in politics," and comments in strong terms on the evils arising from the practice of selecting candidates for election to Parliament on the ground of their readiness to pledge themselves to carry out the mandates of their constituencies.

EIGHT CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

DR. HOLDEN has edited Plutarch's *Nicias* primarily because the *Life* has been set as a subject for the Previous Examination this year. The edition, therefore, contains a good deal of information, more or less elementary, for the use of passmen. Dr. Holden vindicates in the preface his practice of endeavouring, in a single work, "to satisfy the wants of students of different degrees of proficiency"; but we cannot say that we are reconciled to seeing such masterly work as Dr. Holden's undoubtedly is, from the points of view both of scholarship and history, diluted by notes whose proper place is in a school edition. With this reservation we have nothing to express

* *Plutarch's Life of Nicias*. With Introduction, Notes, and Lexicon. By the Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

* *M. Tulli Ciceronis—De Officiis Liber Tertius*. With Introduction, Analysis, and Commentary. By the Rev. H. A. Holden. Seventh edition. Cambridge: University Press.

* *Livy*. Book XXI. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press, by Marcus S. Dimsdale, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

* *The Epistles of Horace*. Book I. With Introduction and Notes. By E. S. Shackburgh, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College. Cambridge: University Press.

* *The Odyssey of Homer*. Book IX. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. By G. M. Edwards, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

* *A Greek Testament Primer*. An Easy Grammar and Reading Book for Students beginning Greek. By the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A., Rector of Backwell, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

* *Platonis Crito*. With Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By J. Adam, B.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

* *The Bacchanals and other Plays by Euripides*. Translated. With Introduction. By Henry Morley, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at University College, London. London: George Routledge & Sons.

* *A History of England*. By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, D.D., Master of University College, Oxford. Period IV. Growth of Democracy, Victoria, 1837-1880. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

but admiration of Dr. Holden's work as a commentator. He gives an excellent account of the authorities on whom Plutarch depended; and adds, in an index, a list of authors whom he quotes. There is a critical appendix, and a short account of the chief MSS. In scholarship Dr. Holden is, of course, on his own ground. He tackles every difficulty, and makes his author's meaning admirably clear; though he devotes rather too much attention, as it seems to us, to corrections of his predecessors, and especially to finding flaws in Mr. Hailstone's translation; but we are bound to add that in every single one of these corrections which we have tested Dr. Holden is convincing. A pleasant feature in the commentary is the quotation of French translators. It is interesting to see how often Amyot comes right where later scholars go astray. Less important, perhaps, than the accurate interpretation of the text, but not less instructive, are Dr. Holden's scholarly notes on words and phrases, such as the little literary history of *συστάλλειν* (p. 127), or on points of late Greek usage, such as that of *ἐντυγχάνειν* = scriptum legere (p. 49), and of *βαρύνεσθαι* = *βαρύνειν* φέρειν (p. 114). The historical notes, too, are uniformly good. Those on the Segestans (p. 53), on the career of Dion (p. 119), on the retreat of Nicias (p. 129), may be referred to as instances. On one point only we have a little quarrel with Dr. Holden, and that is the spelling of Greek names. He leaves us our Thucydides, or rather Thucydídēs, but writes "Nikias" and "Lykurgos." From the charge of pedantry, however, Dr. Holden saves himself by being delightfully inconsistent. On the very first page of the introduction we find "Chaironeia in Boeotia." If "Chaironeia," why not "Boiotia"? Again, if we are to write "Kerkyra" instead of "Coreyra," why "Agrigentum" and not "Akragas"? Further, if our object is to be as Greek as we may, why be satisfied with "Lykurgos," when we might attain to literal exactness by writing "Lukourgos"? Dr. Holden's spelling is, in fact, just as conventional as any other, only his convention is not generally accepted. In names other than Greek Dr. Holden is not above reproach. Why does such a purist write down the learned Bishop of Auxerre *James Amyot*? Would he call a certain distinguished Romantic "Theophilus"—or "Theophilus"—"Gautier," and give the Christian name of the poet Chénier as "Andrew"?

Dr. Holden has published separately the third book of his edition of the *De Officiis*, with new matter based on the second edition of C. F. W. Müller.

Mr. Dimsdale has added one more to the already sufficient number of school editions of Livy, XXI. The notes are accurate, and give all needful help; there is really little more than this to be said about them. Much use has been made, and rightly, of Polybius in clearing up historical points, but Mr. Dimsdale does not translate the passages which he quotes, and it is not likely that schoolboys will add to their task of making out the text the harder one of making out this part of the commentary.

Mr. Shuckburgh's is a good school edition of the first book of Horace's Epistles. He evidently has an intimate knowledge of all the poet's work, and is very happy in illustrating his meaning by passages taken from other parts of his writings. The notes are, for the most part, short, and give all needful help towards making out the text and clearing up allusions to Roman customs, topography, and so forth. Mr. Shuckburgh evidently attaches great weight to Orelli's opinion, though here and there he differs from his views—e.g. as to *trans pondera* in VI. 51, which Mr. Shuckburgh takes to mean "across heavy goods," or loads in the street." And, again, with regard to *contractus* in VII. 12; this he renders "shutting myself up," and quotes Persius I. 13, *scribinus inclusi*, which surely is hardly a parallel. Mr. Shuckburgh has perhaps been wise to do little in the way of illustrations from English literature, but he aptly quotes from Swift's happy imitation of I. 7. He is least good in translation; *mihi me reddentis agelli* (XIV. 1) is rendered "which restores me to physical and mental health." Again, in XVII. 19, *scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu* is translated, "I play the parasite for my own advantage, you to gain the applause of the people by your show of austerity." This is commentary, not translation; and, if it is so intended, is all very well, but then it should not be placed between inverted commas. "Non-drinkers of wine" is hardly a neat rendering of *siccis* (XIX. 9). There are other passages no happier than these, but they constitute the only blot on a useful volume. The expurgation needful for maidens and boys has been sparingly done, and the introduction gives all necessary information about the life and epistles of Horace.

Mr. Edwards has accomplished an edition which should be useful to the schoolboys for whom it is intended, or indeed to any student who has made some progress in Attic Greek and sets to work on Homer for the first time. The editor is well up to date; he makes good use of Mr. Jebb's *Introduction*, and of Mr. Leaf's work on the *Iliad*, and, above all, of Mr. Monro's *Homeric Grammar*. Indeed, without this work the introduction on "Homeric forms" could scarcely have been written, and would assuredly have been far less good than it is. The notes are short—very short, as notes on Homer go—and of the right sort. Plenty of help is given in the interpretation of the text, questions of accidence and prosody are sufficiently dealt with, and there is only so much etymology given as is necessary to clear up the meaning of, or explain the conflicting views upon, doubtful words. Difficult adjectives, such as *εὐδαίμων*, *διπρός*, *ἐνυπνίου*, are judiciously treated, and the whole commentary strikes us as being the work of one who has thoroughly well got

up his subject and understands the needs of those for whom he writes.

Mr. Miller's book is intended to "enable many zealous students of the Sacred Books, who have not had the advantage of a classical education, to read those books in the tongue in which they are written." It contains a short accidence and syntax, and exercises in translation from Greek into English which range from short phrases to passages from the Gospels. Each exercise is headed by a vocabulary, and notes are appended on such words and constructions as are likely to give pause to beginners. The grammatical part of the work differs from ordinary grammars in the omission of all matters—such as the dual number—which do not relate to the Greek of the New Testament; it is also rather less scientific than the grammars in general use—for instance, *νίξ* is given as an instance of a noun having a guttural stem. However, the book may aid those "who have not had the advantage of a classical education" to read their Greek Testament after a fashion. Whether such readers would not do better to stick to the Authorized Version is a question into which we need not here enter.

Mr. Adam's edition of the *Crito* is a work of very considerable interest, both from its intrinsic merits and from the fact that the dialogue has to a great extent been neglected by English commentators. The text is based upon Schanz's collation of the Bodleian MS., and Mr. Adam differs from the German editor mainly in keeping more closely to the MS. readings, and in attaching greater importance to MSS. of the "second family." The commentary is excellent, both in scholarship and in exposition of the subject-matter and of Socratic philosophy in general; it contains much that is not merely valuable to students of the rank of undergraduates reading for honours, but also interesting to mature scholars. Among good notes we may instance that on *ποιῶσι δὲ τοῦτο ὅτι ἂν τύχωσι* (44 D), and, again, one on the words *ἐπιστᾶν καὶ ἐπαύοντι* (47 B). On the other hand, Mr. Adam is scarcely convincing in his vindication of the Bodleian reading in the passage *χωρίς μὲν σοῦ ἐστέρησθαι—ἀμελῆσαι* (44 B, c). He refuses to change *σοῦ* into *τοῦ*, or to insert *τοῦ* before *σοῦ*—thus, of course, making *χωρίς* an adverb, and balancing the *χωρίς μὲν* by *ἐν δὲ* further on. We are inclined to prefer the generally accepted reading, and we confess that we do not see what are the "greater difficulties" which Mr. Adam says that this reading introduces. In any case, these difficulties should have been clearly stated, and not left to conjecture, especially as the editor is attacking an opinion generally received among scholars. But this is the only point in the Commentary about which we have any quarrel with Mr. Adam. The Introduction, which is well written, shows a thorough appreciation of the subject-matter of the dialogue; but we cannot at all accept Mr. Adam's whimsical fancy, as it appears to us, that "the structure of the dialogue . . . reveals throughout a close analogy to the actual circumstances of Socrates's trial, defence, and condemnation. . . . In the *Crito*, as it appears to me, the semblance of a trial is still preserved under the mask of dialogue. This time Socrates is judge, Crito prosecutor, the State prisoner at the bar." Mr. Adam seems to give up his case when he admits that the legal structure of the dialogue does not become apparent until the sixth chapter—that is, according to Mr. Adam's hypothesis, until the case for the prosecution is closed. It seems absurd, too, to regard the speech which Plato puts into the mouth of the Laws as a defence of themselves or of the State. It is an exposition of the duty which a citizen owes to his country, and an exhortation to Socrates to fulfil it. If this speech was written, as it very probably was, with any reference to legal procedure, it is surely not a defence of the laws, but a statement of the case which his native city would have against Socrates if he consented to escape. But it is possible to differ with Mr. Adam on this point without thinking any less highly of the value of his work as an edition for the use of students.

Morley's Universal Library, Vol. LVIII., contains Dean Milman's translation of the *Bacche* of Euripides, with Woodhall's version of *Ion*, *Medea*, *Phænissa*, *Supplices*, and *Hippolytus*. Mr. Morley's introduction is worth reading, rather to the classical scholar, whom it may amuse, than to the "general reader," whom it may not improbably bewilder. The story of the House of Tantalus begins thus:—"Tmolus, a Lydian king, married Pluta, and, Jupiter intervening, Pluta was mother of Tantalus." "Jupiter intervening," with its delightful suggestion of the Queen's Proctor, whom it might well have had some voice in the matter, is good. "Agamemnon while thus in difficulties killed a Tantalus junior," is also not bad. There are other pleasing passages; this, for instance:—"Castor and Pollux, sons of Leda by Jupiter Swan" (Jupiter Swan, it may be mentioned for the benefit of the "general reader," is not the name of an American politician). It is, we trust, evident that the introduction will, to borrow a familiar phrase, repay the trouble of perusal.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co. several new songs, of which decidedly the best is Signor Tosti's "We have loved," dedicated to Mme. Albani, who has already sung it on several occasions. The melody is extremely pretty and graceful, and the words, by Mr. John Muir, genuinely poetical, and, what is perhaps even more important still, coherent. "Gloire"

is a new and "catching" waltz by Signor Arditì, which he surely ought to set to words. The second movement is almost as *cantabile* as "L'Ardita" or "Il Bacio." Signor Tito Mattei's "Umberto" is a capital dance waltz with a striking melody. It is called "a remembrance of the Italian Exhibition," where it has been frequently played of late, with much success. Ricordi's "Cheap Edition of Dance Music" is a clearly-printed little album, containing seven dance pieces by Messrs. Burgmein, R. Marengo, C. Godfrey, G. Capitani, and Marco Sala. Of these the most original are "Notte d'oblio," by Mr. C. Godfrey; "La Reine des Valses," by Mr. Burgmein; and "Il Risorgimento," a very remarkable waltz, indeed, from Marengo's famous ballet *Excelsior*. This is really a brilliant composition, worthy of the great epoch of waltz-writing when Strauss (the elder) and Schouloff gave us waltzes which have never been surpassed for originality and elegance.

Messrs. Weekes & Co. send us "The Village Queen," a charmingly old-fashioned ballad, by the late Miss Elizabeth Philp. Of six songs by Henry Festing Jones only one has much merit. It is a setting of Victor Hugo's poem, "Dieu qui sourit." The melody is good and appropriate. Mr. E. Chipp's "Church Service" is well written, and can be unhesitatingly recommended to high-church choirs.

Messrs. C. Woolhouse & Co. have recently published an album of twelve songs by Mr. J. Cliffe Forrester which ought to achieve popularity, for it contains several delightful, but easy, melodies for young and untrained voices. A good waltz is "Hermione," by Mr. Gilbert Byass, which, if not very original, is at least bright and unpretentious. An excellent and showy piece for beginners is "La Giocosa," by Mr. St. George; and to be recommended to school teachers are several easy but effective pianoforte pieces by Mr. Herbert F. Sharpe. "Lullaby," by Mr. Alexander S. Beaumont, is rather pretty. It is a trio for piano, violin, and viola; but unfortunately there are already so many admirable classical trios for these instruments which surpass it in merit, and are quite as easy. "La Résignation," by M. Eugène Wagner, is a pretty romance for the piano; but we cannot say much in praise of the number of other new pianoforte pieces sent us by this firm. They lack originality, and are not even ordinarily tuneful. The songs are better. A very spirited and effective ballad, for instance, is "Loyal and True," by Mr. E. S. Oldham. "Sleep," by Mrs. J. E. Vernham, is melodious; and "Sleep, my Pretty One," by Mr. A. Beaumont, is a graceful berceuse in the French style. The Shelley Album of six settings of as many of Shelley's sonnets, by Mr. J. Cliffe Forrester, if they are rather ambitious, are not without merit. One or two of them are, indeed, exceedingly pretty and likely to be popular; but the majority are not worthy of the evident pains bestowed upon their composition.

Not much can be said for the "Emperor Frederick's Funeral March," a dreary work by Mr. Otto, who has to depend upon the introduction of "God save the Queen" for his most striking effect.

A strikingly beautiful work is the "Song of the Heart," by Mr. C. Tennant (Charles Thane), a composer whose interesting cantata, "The Last Sigh of the Moor," was received some time back with much favour. Beginning *allegro vivace*, it passes in Wagnerian fashion gradually to a slow and mournful measure, which admirably follows the somewhat capricious but excellent words by Mr. G. Murchie. This is a composition of a high order, and, although it can only be sung with justice by an artist of considerable experience, it is sure to win lasting popularity. It is published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is much that is interesting in the well translated and handsomely illustrated account of the Nordenskiöld (1) expedition to Greenland of five years ago. Perhaps the book is a little too much made up of digests and extracts from previous travellers. But this was made in a sense necessary by the very small impression which the party were able to make on the *inlandsis*, a great central glacier, which reaches in parts to the coast, and is at least supposed to fill the interior of the country. A more impracticable region for travelling would seem to exist nowhere in the world. The account here given of the Eastern Esquimaux contrasts very strikingly with the very black picture drawn of the Western, and especially those of the Mackenzie basin, by recent travellers. This superiority may be due to the absorption of Scandinavian blood which has been going on for many centuries. Indeed, it would seem that, on the Eastern coast, pure Esquimaux are very hard to find.

We referred last week to the Franco-Russian part of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's book (2). The longest article in the book, however, occupying nearly half of it, is devoted to "Russia and England." M. Leroy-Beaulieu, perhaps with something of a Frenchman's proneness to sweeping generalizations and facile *haute politique* of the conjectural kind, but with great knowledge and impartiality, discusses the question of an Asiatic conflict between the two Powers, and not by any means favourably to Russia. We are disposed to think him right in insisting especially on the

(1) *La seconde expédition suédoise au Grönland*. Par A. E. Nordenskiöld. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *La France, la Russie et l'Europe*. Par A. Leroy-Beaulieu. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

economic weakness of the Czar's Empire. You can no doubt carry on a defensive war very well in a state of bankruptcy if you have bread, lead, and pluck; hardly so well an offensive one.

We are glad to announce the beginning of a new edition in single plays, not cheap but charming, of Molière (3) from M. Jouaust's press. The plays are printed with the usual, not the original, spelling. M. Leloir's illustrations are good, and there are introductions and notes by M. Vitu.

M. Louis Ulbach's new volume (4) of *chroniques* is very like those which have gone before it—a series of miscellaneous articles sometimes on subjects of the day, sometimes fanciful, seasoned with a certain amount of "large salt," and not always impeccable in point of taste, but amusing now and then.

In a lively preface Mme. Henry Gréville shows cause why she might, if she liked, have called her dramatic efforts by a less modest title than *Comédies de paravent* (5). The first, it seems, was actually acted many times with a profit to the author of about one franc per representation; two others have really seen the stage, and not by any means been damned. The author very cheerfully admits almost complete inexperience, despite this experience which many authors have sought carefully and have not found; and her pieces are perhaps rather, in the old phrase, like stories *par personnages* than like plays. But they are often good fun, and almost always good reading.

A sketch of a Philosophy of Being (6) in 100 pages is a thing which hardly admits of criticism in 100 words. We can only say that, in general, M. Alaux seems to us on the right road—that is to say, on the road leading right away from materialism and from the sterile technical jargon which, with or without materialism, too often does duty as philosophy nowadays.

M. Daubrée's title (7), though strictly accurate, is likely to mislead readers. One expects a book on the Black Art, or at least on Spooks; one finds an exceedingly sober scientific treatise, with plenty of diagrams, on the action of subterranean water-courses, on their effect in arranging veins of ore, on seismology (in which M. Daubrée would take high-pressure steam as the probable agent), on meteorites, &c. Readers of the *Deux Mondes* will remember some at least of the contents as having appeared in that fertile nursery of books, dead and living.

A new edition of La Fontaine (8), for school use, hardly in itself calls for more than mere mention. We may, however, observe that M. Léon Delbos seems to us to be rather hard on the *bonhomme* as a man. No doubt the *bonhomme* theory itself may be, and often has been, carried too far, and the more modern notion that La Fontaine was a concealed reformer and politician masking lofty views under a childlike guise is mere folly. But it is going too far in the other direction to represent his foibles as mere shrewd calculation.

There is nothing either of M. de Maupassant's (9) absolutely best or of his absolutely worst in the collection of stories called *Clair de lune*, but they are marked throughout with his literary power. It is curious that he is still not at home with the supernatural. "Apparition" is a good enough *true* ghost story; but for the purposes of literature it wants its hat and stick.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WITH the *Camel Corps up the Nile*, by Count Gleichen (Chapman & Hall), is a new book on the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and should have seen the light two years ago if the author's control of circumstances had been as complete as his desire for timely publication. The author's preface is an apology for delay rather than an explanation, for it throws no light upon the nature of the unkindly circumstances referred to. The book, however, needs no further introduction to the reader. It is an independent chronicle of the varied experiences of the Guards regiment of the Camel Corps on the Nile and in the desert, descriptive only of things that came within Count Gleichen's own observation, on the march or in action. There is much in the volume of the vigorous realism that belongs to the narrative of an eye-witness, and it is not altogether a thrice-told tale of a memorable expedition that Count Gleichen gives in these lively pages. He has much to say that is fresh and interesting about the equipment and work of the Camel Corps, and the sketches that illustrate the book show how intimate is his study of the camel and his ways. The account of the onslaught of Arabs at Abu Klea is as spirited as anything of the kind; and the descriptive portions of the volume, such as the pictures of camp life in Dongola, the story of the long desert march from Korti to Gakdul, and the advance on Metemneh, are bright and lifelike.

Mr. W. Warde Fowler's *Tales of the Birds* (Macmillan & Co.) is one of the most delightful books about birds ever written. All the stories are good, from any point of view; one or two may be classed as first-rate among the pleasant class of moral or exemplary tales in which birds or animals play edifying parts. Mr.

(3) *Molière—L'étourdi*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Les belles et les bêtes*. Par L. Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Comédies de paravent*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Eskisme d'une philosophie de l'être*. Par J. E. Alaux. Paris: Alcan.

(7) *Les régions invisibles du globe et des espaces célestes*. Par A. Daubrée. Paris: Alcan.

(8) *Fables choisies de La Fontaine*. Par L. Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Clair de lune*. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff.

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Fowler does not pause to ask "with Jean-Jacques Rousseau" any more than Cowper if "birds confabulate or no." The understanding of birds is as easy to him as it was to Siegfried. He knows all about their social habits or their solitary phases of life from close and constant observation, and makes the most profitable use of his study as ornithologist by the prettiest alliance of his science with the fancy and humour of an excellent storyteller. From a "Debate in an Orchard" we learn how birds confabulate and the extremely whimsical diversity of their discussion. The proper study of birdkind is man—this is the admirable conclusion of this amusing sketch of a parliament of birds. "A Tragedy in Rook Life" is quite as convincing, and yet more moving. Humour and pathos are delicately mingled in this affecting story of the fate of an inquiring young rook who too speedily finds that life is not "all grubs and wire-worms." "A Winter's Tale," descriptive of a migration of fieldfares during a severe frost, southward over the Wiltshire downs, is as fascinating as any fairy tale, and never was moral more artistically enforced than in the diverting story of an inquisitive wagtail, "A Question beginning with 'Why?'" The book finds sympathetic illustration in Mr. Bryan Hook's clever drawings.

The Shadow of the Raggedstone (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is a romance of the days of the second Henry, put forth as the substance of a manuscript which came into the hands of Mr. Charles F. Grindrod when on a tour around the southern limits of the Malvern Hills. This is not the first occasion that Mr. Grindrod has been thus favoured. If we are not mistaken, some few years ago manuscripts—in verse, and modern verse, not twelfth-century—were mysteriously confided to his care by a stranger in the same neighbourhood. Mr. Grindrod's good fortune is more remarkable this time. His romance, though somewhat prolix, is a good specimen of the old-fashioned story of love and chivalry. The characters are well drawn and contrasted, the incidents are stirring, yet naturally presented, and no slight skill is shown in the development of the story.

Plays and Tales, by J. M. (Pickering & Chatto), is an exceedingly miscellaneous volume. It opens with a fairy play for young people, and it proceeds with verse and prose that are anything but meat for babes. "Princess Isola" is a pretty concept, though much too long for representation by children. "The Confession" is a ballad that recalls Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram" a little too closely, though it would be an effective piece for recitation. In the tales there is something of the manner of Poe in the style of narrative; "Euphrosyne" is the most ingenious. It is told in a lunatic asylum, and is not without an alluring horror that befits the theme. The effect,

however, is almost dissipated by a note of explanation which is both inartistic and silly.

Mr. H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon's *Early English and Scottish Poetry* (Walter Scott) shows good taste and a critical estimate in the selection from the old lyrical poets of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The anonymous section is, we are glad to note, not inconsiderable, and therefore fairly representative. The metrical chroniclers also find sufficient place in the book. The editorial introduction comprehends a scholarly survey of the period illustrated by the anthology.

Among our new editions are Mr. David Skaats Foster's *Rebecca the Witch; and other Tales in Metre* (Putnam's Sons); Mr. J. Spencer Curwen's *Studies in Worship Music*, first series (Curwen & Sons); Lord Lytton's *Falkland*, "Pocket Volume" edition (Routledge); *The Last of the Mohicans* (Warne & Co.); *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Routledge's "Pocket Library"; Professor Nichol's *Byron*, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan & Co.); *Roderick Hudson*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.); and Mr. Arthur Crump's *The Formation of Liberal Opinion* (Longmans & Co.).

We have received *Darkness and Light*, by Noel Vandal (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Songs of a Parish Priest*, by the Rev. Basil Edwards (Orpington: Allen); *A Popular History of England*, by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D., with illustrations (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *Readings for Sick Children* (Skeffington); *Miss Vanbrugh*, by Mary C. Rowsell, second edition (Bristol: Arrow-smith), and *Work of a Fiend*, by James Peddie (Paterson).

In the review of *Ancient Sepulchral Monuments* (*Saturday Review*, July 14) 112 was printed by mistake for 212, the real number of the illustrations.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—All ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed direct to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

For CONTENTS see page 128.*

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH. LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

THIS SOCIETY was instituted at Edinburgh in 1837, with the object of giving to the Assured the full benefit of the Low Premiums hitherto confined to a few of the Proprietary Offices, while retaining the Whole Profits for the Policyholders.

Experience has proved that with economy and careful management these Premiums will not only secure greatly Larger Assurances from the first; but, by Reserving the Surplus for those who live long enough to secure the Common Fund from loss, will in most cases provide Eventual Benefits as large as under the more usual system of High Premiums. That the System has met with popular approval is proved by

ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,

as shown on the following TABLE—taken from its latest REPORT.

Septennial Progress of the Scottish Provident Institution.

IN PERIODS ENDING DEC. 31.	ASSURANCES EFFECTED.	FUNDS AT THE END OF PERIOD.	INCREASE OF FUNDS.	SURPLUS.	
				NO. OF PARTICI- PANTS.	AMOUNT (two-thirds divided).
1845 (8 years)	£942,899	£69,009	£69,009
1852	2,571,328	254,675	185,666	167	£26,189
1859	4,590,300	633,514	378,839	851	79,644
1866	7,525,373	1,245,372	611,588	2,492	181,544
1873	12,297,445	2,253,175	1,007,893	4,599	276,677
1880	19,685,470	3,915,252	1,660,077	6,662	624,473
1887	26,837,043	6,179,746	2,266,494	9,384	1,051,035

The FUNDS (increased in year by £387,000) are now £6,200,000.

The INCREASE of FUNDS in the last Seven Years is greater than in any other Office in the Kingdom—due in great measure to the exceptionally low cost of Management, the ratio of which to PREMIUMS is little over 9 per cent., or 6 per cent. to INCOME.

The AMOUNT of ASSURANCES effected, and the FUNDS accumulated, in 50 years, have exceeded those of any other Office at a similar period.

EXAMPLES OF PREMIUMS FOR ASSURANCE OF £100 AT DEATH—WITH PROFITS.

AGE	25	30*	35	40†	45	50	55
During Life	£1 18 0	£2 1 6	£2 6 10	£2 14 9	£3 5 9	£4 1 7	£5 1 11
21 Payments	2 12 6	2 13 4	3 0 2	3 7 5	3 17 6	4 12 1	5 10 2

* A person of 30 may secure £1,000 at death, by a yearly payment, during life, of £20 15s. This Premium would generally elsewhere secure (with Profits) £800 only, instead of £1,000. Or he may secure £1,000 by 21 yearly payments of £27 13s. 4d., being thus free of payments after 50.

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General Boulanger really Defeated. The Libel Bill in the Lords
Ireland. Have We a Public Prosecutor?
The Autumn Session.

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